Memories of Dwight L. Moody
By His Son — Begins *in this* Number

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Memories of Moody By His Son
William Revell Moody
I. As Boy and Business Man

Drawings by Carl Kleinschmidt

SEVEN generations of Puritan ancestors make no bad foundation for a character. Dwight Lyman Moody could have pointed to these if he had chosen; but he was of a democratic spirit, and as he never felt any responsibility for his ancestors' failings, did not pride himself on their achievements. But we do not know that failings were many. They were simple men all; some of them were professional men, but most of them were home-keepers, and the farm was their boundary as well as their home.

They made good pioneers, and the powers which stood them in such good stead Mr. Moody inherited and utilized in the unsparing, continuous labor that characterized his entire life. The old New England virtues—love of liberty, strength of conviction, courage, spiritual and physical, and that crystallized good sense that invariably marks the native New Englander—were his in large proportion.

The hungry were never turned away from Mrs. Moody's door

There is no reasonable doubt that the necessary hardships, the simple, sane, outdoor life, the wholesome country food and the discipline of steady work, which he shared with every country boy, gave him the basis of physical health without which his great spirit and ceaselessly working brain would have long since worn out their fleshly tenement.

The Holtons, the family of Mr. Moody's mother, had even a stronger claim to the Puritan virtues than his father's stock, for they landed in America in 1630, three years before the Moodys.

The marriage of Edwin Moody and Betsy Holton had been arranged for New Year's Day, 1828, but the tide justified its ancient reputation of waiting for no man, and a sudden thaw sent the Connecticut River far above its banks. There were but two miles between the young people, but it was long before the day of iron bridges, and a journey of many miles was necessary to make the ceremony possible, even on January third. The young people left the family home of the Holtons to make one for themselves in Northfield, the town that a future generation was to connect proudly with their name through a Moody then unknown to them.

WHY MR. MOODY DROPPED ONE OF HIS NAMES

Dwight Lyman Moody was born on Sunday, February 5, 1837. The old family record adds another name—Ryther—but it was not an age of long names for men of his social station, and it slipped out of use. An amusing reason is given for this omission by old neighbors of the family. It appears to have been a charmingly pastoral custom of those days for those whose names had been given to a child to present the baby with a sheep in recognition of the honor conferred by the family of the namesake. It would seem that in the case of young Dwight this honor had been forgotten, and the Rythers' failure to go through with the pretty little presentation ceremony was punished by an omission that the descendants of the family may well regret today. For twelve years and a half the young couple lived happily together, contented with each other, though possessed of few material blessings; for Edwin Moody was a thoughtless, open-handed young man, thinking little of the future and making no provision for the home he had so lightly and cheerfully established. It is hardly to be wondered at that he had made no provision for an event so improbable as an early death must seem to a man of his temperament. When he died, without a moment's warning, his widow was left with hardly a home, and except for her dower rights she would literally have had no shelter, as the very roof over her head was mortgaged.

A young wife with seven children, whose lover-husband has been taken from her at forty-one, utterly at the mercy of relentless creditors, is a sad picture indeed; but the strength and courage of her pioneer ancestors buoyed up a naturally brave heart, and the faith in God which she gave in such wonderful measure to her children was not lacking to the mother in this crisis. In the summer after her husband's death the birth of twins added greatly to her cares and difficulties, and had it not been for the kindly aid offered by her brothers and the Rev. Mr. Everett, the old minister of the Unitarian Church, her struggles would have been too hard to bear.

And as she had received, so she gave. The hungry were never turned away from Mrs. Moody's door, and the children were early taught the privilege of charity. Once when the provision for the evening meal was very scanty, the little ones were allowed to vote as to whether they would give some of their already meagre store to a poor beggar.

To charity toward others they were taught to add strictness toward one's self. No word of complaint was ever heard from that little family. They suffered much neglect, but the independence that a fine poverty can sometimes nurture so well became a prominent characteristic of the Moody children.

In line with this independence toward the outside world was the absolute insistence upon the uprightness and exact truthfulness that should accompany it. The inviolate character of a promise was early impressed upon them, and so well was the lesson learned that in after life Mr. Moody exhibited plainly his dislike of committing himself to a promise or pledge. As a child he had been accustomed to being asked not "Can you?" but "Did you say you would?" If the answer were affirmative, the word had to be kept, the obligation could not be avoided. The Spartan interpretation of this law is shown by the following incident:

Dwight, who had promised to work for a neighbor in payment for his board during a winter while he was attending school, tried to be released from his engagement on the ground that for nineteen consecutive meals his food had been cornmeal and milk. When his mother found out that although the quality of the food had been questionable, he had had enough to eat, such as it was, she sent him back to keep his agreement.

Such a strict disciplinarian, with nine mischievous children under thirteen years of age, resorted naturally to the old-fashioned whipping as the best means of punishment. Mr. Moody often referred to these whippings, of which he seems to have received a great number, in commendatory terms, attributing to them, as one so often attributes to past sufferings, much of his success in after life; but it is noticeable that in his own home such penalties found no place, an inconsistency no less delightful than common.

"Mother would send me out for a stick, and often I tried to fool her by bringing back a dead one. But I always had to go and get another. Once, in a fit of bravado, I told her that the whipping did not hurt at all, but I never had to tell her so again, for she remedied the deficiency promptly."

A NEW ENGLAND BOY'S RELIGIOUS TRAINING

In those times there was no question as to whether one should go to church or not; one went as a matter of course. The older boys who had been working during the week came home Saturday nights to go to church with the rest. The little boys would go barefoot, saving their shoes and stockings for the service itself, putting them on as soon as the church was in sight. The service was an all-day affair, with two sermons, between which they ate the luncheon they had brought. Sunday-school was added to this program, which seems lengthy enough to our modern eyes, and makes us appreciate the romping which the Sunday sunset made possible, for in those days the Sabbath began Saturday evening and lasted only until sunset Sunday. This one day of united family life must have been a great source of comfort to them, and they were never so poor as to lack each other one day in the week, at least.

In after years the strict attendance at church, which he, like any other normal boy, would certainly not have chosen for himself, was regarded by Mr. Moody as one of the most valuable habits of his life. The custom of going regularly to God's house had been cheaply purchased, he felt, even at the price of many tedious hours and many long sermons.

"I used to blame my mother for sending me to church on the Sabbath," he used to say. "I thought it was pretty hard to have to go to church and be preached at when I had been working in the field all week. I used to go to sleep; once the preacher had to send some one into the gallery to wake me up. I used to think that when I got away from home I wouldn't go to church any more; but I had got so in the habit of going that I couldn't stay away. Although I might miss one or two Sabbaths, I found myself back in the house of God the next week. There I first found Christ, and many a time since I have said, 'I thank you, mother, for making me go to church when I didn't want to.'"

It is doubtful, however, if maternal instruction could have been responsible for the quick wit and adaptability to circumstances that characterized young Dwight even as a very small boy. For instance, when scarcely five years of age, wishing to go and see his Grandmother Holton and having only five cents, which was only half of his stage fare, he was informed that the journey would be impossible. The distance was five miles, which to legs as short as his might as well have been twenty-five. But his mind was made up, and he stopped the driver and besought him to take him for five cents. The kind-hearted man agreed to take him as baggage, and although the stage was already full, he put him on top where the luggage was placed. The little boy received a true grandmother's welcome, spent the day, and was sent home afoot, as they had no idea that the stage driver could be induced to carry him for nothing. Dwight had made up his mind that it was far pleasanter to ride than to walk, and planned accordingly. He went out into the fields and picked a large bunch of wild flowers, which he offered to the driver as a return fare, with such success that his admiring family saw him returning to them in triumph on the box seat.

YOUNG DWIGHT'S FAITH IN PROVIDENCE

When Dwight was only eight, he and his elder brother, a boy of twelve, were already busily at work in one or another of the neighbors' fields. One fall evening they started on a journey to the farm of a distant friend where they were going to earn a little money cutting broom-corn. It was late at night when they reached the old ferry across the Connecticut. For a long time their calls to the ferryman brought no answer, but finally a hoarse voice far below them said that one boatman would come and take them across while another would direct their course by a lantern on the other side. The current was so strong that they waited some time without hearing a sound, but finally the welcome boat appeared. As soon as they had gotten into the boat the older boy, who was himself only twelve, perceived that the boatman was half-intoxicated, and in no condition to take them across the river. The younger boy clung to his brother's hand while they both, seeing only too plainly that the boat was being carried far below the landing-place, begged to be allowed to help at the oars. This the man stubbornly refused to let them do, and the two frightened children could only comfort each other as best they might and hope that help would come. The older boy, less imaginative than Dwight, relied upon screams to the opposite bank and arguments with the boatman, but the little Dwight, too young, perhaps, to appreciate thoroughly the danger, perhaps even then moved by the extraordinary power of faith that always characterized his later life, actually encouraged his elder brother, assuring him that God would never desert them, and that they would surely be safe, even on the waters, while in the care of their Heavenly Father. And finally, as in every circumstance of his later life, his trust was rewarded, and they were saved from what might have been a dreadful death.

—"and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to God"

Others of his adventures displayed quite a different spirit. Like most boys of strong vitality and keen imagination, his quick wit and ready inventiveness made him a leader among his mates. Many a wild escapade, many a daring trick played upon the farmers in the vicinity made him admirable to his friends for far other qualities than those calculated to win the approval of the more strictly virtuous. One

—he struck the bargain and actually secured a better horse

of the neighbors in particular, a certain 'Squire Alexander, was frequently victimized by Dwight's special crowd of boys, because of his nearness to the old red district schoolhouse. More than one winter night Dwight and his companions made free to borrow the 'Squire's old "pung," and coasted down the very hill below his house. The very danger of the enterprise added to the fascination of the sport.

THE FUTURE PREACHER AS A PRACTICAL JOKER

Once when he was working in the hay field of a neighbor the farmer called out to him to bring him a jug of cider to drink from. He was sitting at the time on the unsteady seat of a farm wagon, in which he had driven out to the field to carry home the men. As he lifted the jug to his lips the mischievous boy threw a lump of earth at one of the horses; the horse reared high in the air and the shock sent the farmer reeling back on the wagon floor. He could not take the jug away from his mouth without losing the cider, to say nothing of drenching himself and the wagon, and the sight of his large, clumsy figure, unable for some moments to move, delighted the practical joker beyond measure.

MR. MOODY AT 17 YEARS OF AGE

His tricks were not always of so crude a nature. This one, for instance, shows a much keener sense of humor. One of the country winters had seemed longer and duller than usual, and young Dwight decided that it was about time for something to happen. He therefore wrote out an elaborate notice of a temperance lecture to be delivered by a well-known speaker on a certain evening in the schoolhouse, which served alike as academy and lyceum in those early days. On the evening announced a large crowd assembled in the building, which had been heated and lighted for the purpose, but no lecturer appeared. The excitement was great; discussions as to the possible accidents or other reasons for the non-appearance of the great man ran high, and Dwight Moody's voice arose loudest among the critics, and his explanations were among the most ingenious and plausible offered.

The same district school furnished the scene for yet another of his exploits—an academic one on this occasion. He was very like other boys of his age and temperament in his keen desire for the kind of notoriety that the successful practical joker always gains, and he found a great opportunity to gratify his passion for excitement of this kind in the closing exercises of the district school, an event socially as well as intellectually important in those days. On one of these occasions Dwight was to give a recitation—Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar—and he got permission from the teacher to make use of a large box, supposed to contain the ashes of the dead General. This bier was placed upon the teacher's desk, and as the young orator's eloquence arose to its highest pitch, he struck the box dramatically and knocked off the cover, when, to the amazement of the audience, there jumped out a frightened old tom-cat.

These pranks were by no means overlooked without punishment. Not only did the teacher administer the customary flogging, but Dwight's mother, who, as has been said before, was a firm believer in the maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," never omitted the home discipline, evidently believing that a boy who had been so bad as to need a whipping at school could be none the worse for one at home. And certain it is that the jokes were dear enough to the boy's heart to make him quite willing to endure their consequences.

DWIGHT'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE NEW SCHOOLMARM

It was at about this time that the little school witnessed a revolution, none the less effective because peaceful. A new teacher appeared on the scene, and to the students her innovations seemed nothing short of extraordinary. To begin with, she opened the exercises with prayer, a custom which, strangely enough, had not as yet occurred to that early and surely pious community. To the surprise occasioned by this she added a yet more startling sensation by the announcement that henceforth the discipline of the school would dispense with whippings. This was an absolutely unheard-of condition of things, and the pupils, Dwight included, could hardly believe that she spoke seriously. Shortly after the new régime had begun he broke some trifling rule, and, having been commanded to stay after school, settled himself in his seat with the firm conviction that the regulation flogging was about to take place. But the teacher was as good as her word, and when they were alone together she began to talk kindly to the culprit, and among other things told him with a sincerity that did not fail to impress him deeply how sorry she was to have a disobedient pupil. Dwight had a susceptible nature, and this treatment was really far more painful to him than the accustomed whipping. Among other things she said to him:

"I have decided that if I cannot rule this school by love, I will not rule it at all. But I am perfectly decided to use no rattans so long as I teach. If you love me at all I am sure you will show it by helping me in the school, and this you can do in no better way than by keeping the rules of the school." This was altogether too much for Dwight, and what the rattan would never have done the sincere request accomplished easily.

"You won't ever have any more trouble with me," he said decidedly, "and if any boy does make trouble, I'll whack the first one." And he did whack him, a proceeding which surprised the teacher as much as it did the victim of the punishment.

VIEW OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY FROM THE MOODY HOUSE, EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

HIS BUSINESS INSTINCT SHOWS ITSELF

Among his other Yankee inheritances young Moody had the true love for a good trade. At a very early age he began to "swap," and that sentiment went for little with him at that early age is proved by the fact that he bought with a broken slate pencil his claim to the affection of a small girl of his acquaintance, winning her away thus cheaply from one of his youthful friends, a previous suitor, although a presumably satisfied seller.

He soon outgrew this childish stage of commerce, however, and started in at horse-trading. It was his highest ambition at one period to be considered peculiarly shrewd at this business, and at the early age of eight he justified his claim to that reputation. Once when his older brother, George, who took the place of a father to the children, was away from home, a band of gypsies came along with the usual number of horses in tow. Dwight became possessed of the inspiration that one could not possibly own an older, more decrepit horse than the animal at that time in the family, and so he proposed to trade to the gypsies. Before any one knew it he had struck the bargain and actually secured a better horse. His success inflated him with pride and he insisted upon his right to be the first to drive the new acquisition, a lanky, raw-boned, bobtailed beast. Harnessing him to a wagon and taking an empty barrel for a seat, he started gayly off to the mill to bring home the family supply of meal. But pride, in this case as in so many others, went before a fall; the new horse dashed down the hill, galloped around a corner and overturned the wagon and driver.

OFF TO BOSTON TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

Like most of the country boys of his day, young Moody became dissatisfied with the farm life and longed to seek his fortune in some neighboring town. Having gotten employment in a printing establishment in Clinton, Massachusetts, he was given the simple task of addressing the wrappers of one of the local papers. The mailing-list, with its series of whole and half numbers, meant little to the country boy who had had little experience of crowded streets, and to whom a tenement was an unknown thing. He reasoned that the half numbers must have been an error, and sent all the papers thus addressed to the nearest whole number on the list, which mistake, having been traced to him, was the cause of his dismissal.

He went back to the country and set to work again as a farm hand. But the ambition thus aroused was not to be quieted, and he was, indeed, at an age when the awakening possibilities of his unusually rich nature began to demand eagerly their right to a wider field of action than that afforded by the little village. One day, while cutting and hauling logs on the mountain side with his brother, Edwin, he remarked: "I'm tired of this. I'm not going to stay here one day longer. I'm going to the city, and I'm going to stay there."

This was in the early spring of 1857. The family were greatly distressed at his sudden determination, for there is nothing to show that their prophet was in any greater honor with them than is customarily the case with prophets, and they could not believe there were any better chances in the city than in the country, which had been good enough for themselves. They assured him that the city was full of likely young men anxious for positions, and that he had absolutely no reason to suppose that he could get one. Moreover, at Northfield he would be reasonably sure of continuous employment on some one of the neighboring farms. But Moody was on tiptoe for a career, and he said good-by to his family and started off for Boston, determined, if necessary, to walk the hundred miles that lay between him and that city. On the way to the station he met his older brother, George, and told him he was on his way to Boston, and that he was going to make a living there at whatever occupation he could find. His brother saw that his mind was made up and gave him five dollars, just the price of his ticket. His condition was that of many young men of his day and since: he had come to a strange city with no money to live on while he was looking for work.

MR. MOODY'S MOTHER

GETTING A FOOTHOLD IN THE CITY

In the one direction which he could have had what our modern phrase so expressively translates a "pull," he injured himself by an exhibition of that stubborn pride that so often characterizes the country boy who does not understand how necessary it is to oil the wheels of business with civility and assiduity, nor how much the whole commercial organism depends upon mutual obligations. He had two uncles in the boot and shoe business in the city, and he read into their surprise at his appearance and the simple question as to how he expected to get a living there a greater coldness than was probably intended, so that what seemed to them a false pride and a stubborn spirit influenced them, doubtless, in the course they followed at this point, which was one of indifference, so far as any aid of their own was concerned.

On one occasion in Boston, long afterward, he described with great feeling that trying period.

"I remember how I walked up and down the street trying to get a situation, and I shall never forget how when they answered me roughly their treatment would chill my soul. But when some one would say, 'I feel for you; I would like to help you, but I can't; but never mind, you'll be all right soon!' I would go away happy and light-hearted. The sympathy of a man like that was balm to my soul; it did me good. It seemed then that there was a place for every one else in the world, but not for me. For about two days I had that awful feeling that nobody wanted me. I have never had it since and I never want it again.

"I knew that there was only one mail a day from Northfield, but I went two or three times a day to the post-office to see if there was a letter for me. I knew there couldn't be, but I went just the same. I was sick for home, and I had no employment, and so I went back and forth, thinking perhaps when the mail did come in that my letter had been mislaid. Finally I got one. I opened it happily,

hoping for good news from home. It was from my youngest sister—the first letter that she had ever written to me in her life. The burden of her whole letter was that she had heard that there were pickpockets in Boston and warned me to look out for them. I thought when I had some money it would be time for me to look out for them."

GETTING A START IN THE SHOE BUSINESS

A week of this completely broke his spirit. He decided he would go to New York, since there seemed nothing for him to do in Boston. One of his uncles heard of his determination and suggested that he had better ask help from them. The boy was still stubborn. "If Uncle Samuel Holton wants me in his store," said he, "he can ask me. He knows how I want work." His other uncle suggested to him that a certain amount of humility was always accepted from the young, and that he must bend his head in this world if he expected favors. He added that if he would show a little less independence of spirit and a little more willingness to be guided by those who were older and wiser than himself, not only his Uncle Samuel, but everybody else would be more likely to help him. Dwight was not an unduly obstinate boy, and his good sense told him that there was much truth in his uncle's remarks. Accordingly he asked his Uncle Samuel for a position in his shop.

"Well, Dwight, I'm afraid you'll want to run this store yourself if you come into it," said Mr. Holton. "Now, that won't do at all—men who work for me have to do just as I say: not as they like. If you are willing to do the best you can, and do it just as I say, and if you will ask about things when you don't understand them, and if you will promise to go to church and Sunday-school, and if you won't do anything or go anywhere that you wouldn't want your mother to know about, we'll see. I'll give you till Monday to think it over."

"I don't want till Monday," Dwight answered promptly; "I'll promise now."

From this time on he became a regularly installed clerk in his uncle's store. He was fresh from the country, and naturally knew nothing of city ways and customs, but his native wit and quickness of thought were as welcome in Boston as they had been in Northfield, and he soon became known as one of the best salesmen in the shop. The originality and craving for excitement, so conspicuous in the little country urchin, were not lacking in the city clerk, and, not satisfied with the old methods of trade, he started out to improve upon them, actually going out on the streets to find customers when business was dull. At his own request his uncle sent him out on the road, and he is said to have been the pioneer traveling salesman in Boston. This is a very significant fact, for there can be no doubt that this early practice in addressing strangers and winning over to his own ideas men whom he had never seen in his life formed the very best practice for his later career as an evangelist. The amount of tact required in both these occupations differs more in degree than in kind, and the successful salesman's delight in persuading a man to purchase when he had not had the slightest intention of buying anything was only a forerunner of the joy of the great preacher whose fiery eloquence afterward moved untold numbers to take a step hitherto undreamed of—their voluntary and avowed promise to lead a Christian life.

AN ADVENTURE WITH THE TALL COBBLER

His increasing maturity did not lessen his love for a joke, and if his opportunities were fewer, we may be sure he did not let one slip. There was in his uncle's shop one tall cobbler who appealed especially to his fun-loving instincts, and whom he made a butt for his practical jokes. One day he made a great slit in the leather seat of the cobbler's box, and placed a basin of water underneath it. The weight of the cobbler bent down the seat so that the water arose over the leather. Three times he jumped up and three times sat down again without discovering what the matter was; the third time he tipped over the box, saw the water, guessed who had played the trick upon him, and, seizing a dangerous-looking knife, dashed out into the front of the store where young Moody was waiting upon some customers, whom he deserted rapidly, fleeing into the street to escape the enraged cobbler.

It will be remembered that Dwight had agreed when he entered his uncle's employment to attend church and Sunday-school, and so he began to attend regularly Mt. Vernon Church, of which Dr. Edward N. Kirk was then pastor. At the same time he joined the Sunday-school, and became a member of a young men's Bible-class under the direction of Mr. Edward Kimball. This class was a revelation to him, for, strange as it may seem, the Bible was far from being a familiar book to him, though he had always been brought up in the strictest Christian training; for the great family Bible was far too heavy and expensive for childish hands. His ignorance of it was shown when some reference was made in class to the Gospel of St. John. The boy began aimlessly searching in the Old Testament, and but for the tact and kindness of the teacher a disagreeable embarrassment might have spoiled his introduction to the class.

Editor's Note—This is the first of four papers dealing with the more important periods of Mr. Moody's life.

THE YOUNG BUSINESS MAN'S BIBLE STUDY

Ignorance on young Moody's part did not mean lack of interest or inability to learn, and, though realizing the disadvantage in his lack of familiarity with the Bible, he kept himself carefully from comment in the class at first, and set himself to learn all that he did not know. But his natural brightness and clear perception of the beautiful and striking in the sacred text led him occasionally to some original remark or some quick appreciation, which did not escape his teacher, and interested him rapidly in the young man. On one occasion Mr. Kimball was analyzing the character of Moses, dwelling upon his great executive ability, his self-control and statesmanship. To the Yankee boy, inclined by nature to summarize, quick at seeing character, it seemed only natural and fair to apply the concise and telling vocabulary he knew the best to any situation, and he burst out with the characteristic remark: "Say, Mr. Kimball, that man Moses must have been 'smart!'" For the New England lad there could be no higher praise.

His close attention in Bible study soon grew into a deep and loving interest in the Book of books, which increased steadily during his life. On the title page of a beautiful copy of the Bible, given fifty years later as a special token of affection to his oldest grandchild, he wrote this dedication:

> "The Bible for the last forty years has been the dearest thing on earth to me, and now I give a copy as my first gift to my first grandchild, Irene Moody, with a prayer that it may be a companion through life and guide her to those mansions that Christ has gone to prepare for those who love and serve Him on earth.
>
> "DWIGHT L. MOODY."

With his early training Mr. Moody could hardly have failed to be religious, but he had never experienced the regenerating influence of God's Spirit by a definite acceptance of salvation. His faults he was conscious of: he had, for instance, a high temper, like so many men of strong will and great spirit, and he knew that it was his duty to restrain this, but he had not within him the power, not of himself, by which he could do this. Like so many others in his condition he did not need an ethical appreciation so much as a spiritual force to enable him to withstand those forces of evil which the intellect alone will hardly enable the man of strong passions to overcome. In the Mt. Vernon Sunday-school he grew to a fuller knowledge of salvation, and it needed only a closer bringing home of the point of view he was so rapidly learning, a definite presentation of God's claim on him, and the necessity for him to decide whether or not he would accept God's revealed means for overcoming sin, to bring him to a final decision. This interview Mr. Kimball has described in his own words:

MR. AND MRS. MOODY AND GRANDCHILDREN

MR. KIMBALL'S TALK WITH YOUNG MOODY

"I determined to speak to young Moody and started down to Holton's shoe store. When I was nearly there I began to wonder whether I ought to go in just then during business hours. I thought that possibly my mission might embarrass the boy, and that when I went away the other clerks might ask who I was and taunt him with my efforts in trying to make him a good boy. In the meantime I had passed the store, and on discovering this I determined to make a dash for it and have it over at once. I found Moody in the back part of the store wrapping up shoes, and I went up to him at once, and putting my hands on his shoulders, I made what I afterward felt was a very weak plea for Christ. I don't know just what words, nor could Mr. Moody tell. I simply told him of Christ's love for him, and of the love Christ wanted in return. That was all there was of it. It seemed that the young man was just ready for the light that broke upon him, and there, in the back part of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to God."

Moody's experience from then on was that of most Christians who have undergone what has just been described. With the definite acceptance of Christ his whole life changed. Joyful service under grace took the place of the mere acceptation of the law by intellect, and, among other things, the strict attendance at church, always more or less of a duty, became now one of his greatest pleasures. He describes it in his own felicitous way:

"Before my conversion I worked toward the Cross, but since then I have worked from the Cross; then I worked to be saved, now I work because I am saved."

MIXING RELIGION WITH BUSINESS

Immediately after Moody's conversion he had been confronted with the question that must come to many a business man: Would his new principles interfere with his financial success? The customers who, finding that they could trust his word with absolute reliance, preferred to deal with him rather than with any other clerk, convinced him that Christianity was rather a help than a hindrance to his business. His old originality and zest continued to effect the usual result: when he stood in the door of the shop and personally invited the passers-by to purchase, or at least to come in and look at his goods, his diligence seldom went unrewarded; and when the other clerks spent their holidays in pleasure excursions, his request to open the store and sell goods won him alike the respect of the firm and a good financial profit.

But his position did not seem likely to lead to any great advancement, for his uncle's ideas were conservative, and it is doubtful any way if he would have been long contented there. He had worked only two years in Boston, and already he had begun to feel the call to the wider opportunities that ever summon the man of power to come up higher. The young men of the Eastern States were flocking to Chicago, then the new city of the West, and Mr. Moody, interested, vital, eager for change and excitement, was not the last to respond to the fascinating call of the new life.

Mr. Sankey's Denial of His Death

SEVERAL years ago two gentlemen entered a train leaving Chicago, one with a ticket for New York and the other for a town in Ohio. The car being full, these two travelers shared the same seat. Soon they fell into conversation. The Ohio man spoke of the great work of Moody and Sankey.

"I regret," he said, "that I never had the opportunity of hearing Sankey sing before he died."

"Yes?" responded the other; "but how do you know that Sankey is dead?"

"I saw it in the papers."

"Then I suppose it must be true."

"Did you ever hear him sing?"

"Yes; a number of times."

"Then you must have heard Moody."

"Yes, I have heard Moody, too."

"Tell me—what sort of people are they, anyhow?"

"Well, sir, in my opinion, they are just common people like you and me, and nothing more."

"Do you really think so? Well, some day I may see Moody yet; but I shall never hear Sankey."

Just then the engine whistle blew, and the Ohio man began to get his baggage together.

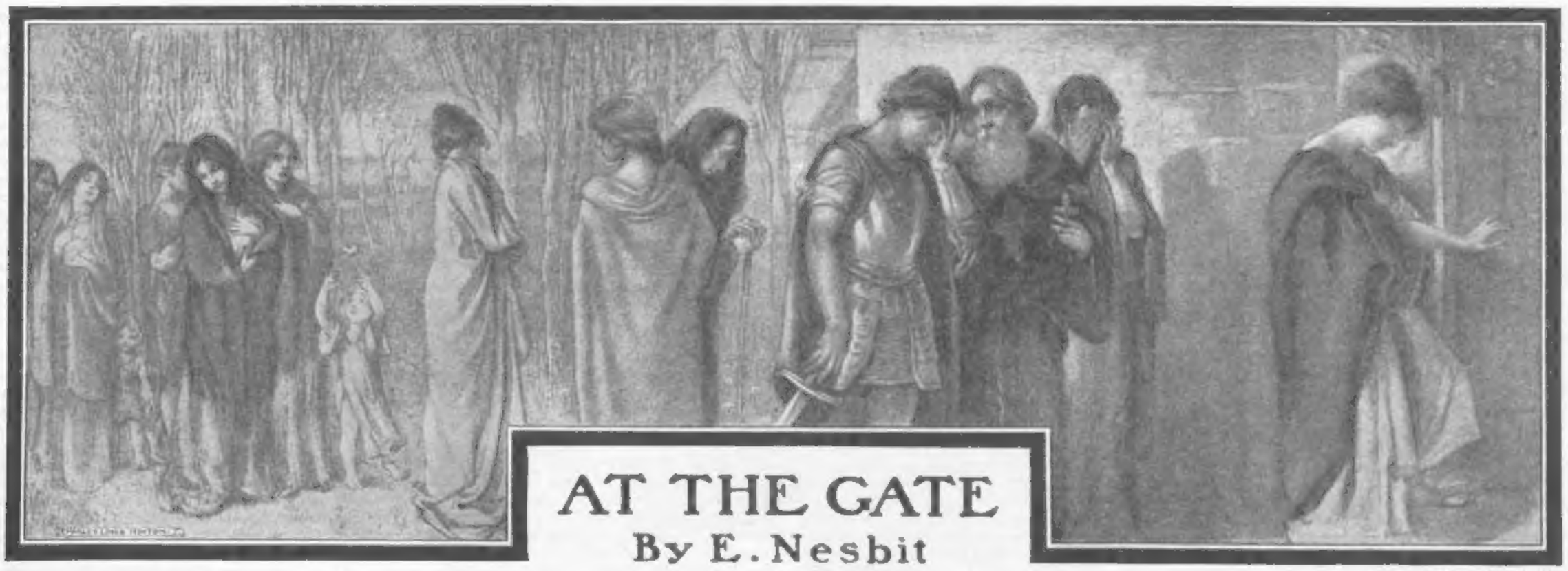
"I think it would be hardly right," said the passenger bound for New York, "for me to let you go without first saying that I am one of the gentlemen whom we have been discussing. My name is Sankey."

Astonishment gave way in a moment to a merry twinkle of the eye. An index finger was forcefully leveled against the New Yorker's nose: "Now look here, young man, you can't come that kind of a game on me! Sankey is dead! Good-by!"

Some years ago Mr. Bliss, Mr. Sankey's intimate friend and collaborator of the Gospel Hymns, lost his life in a Western railroad wreck. In certain quarters the two names became confused in connection with the accident, and hence the rumor of Mr. Sankey's death.

Nearly all the world is familiar with the name of Ira D. Sankey as the colaborer of the late Dwight L. Moody, and in religious circles he is considered the singer of the nineteenth century. For nearly a dozen years he has been devoting his spare hours to writing up the interesting stories connected with many of his most popular hymns.

This book is not intended to be in any sense a life of Mr. Moody. On the day after the latter's death, Mr. Sankey was offered $10,000 to write what he knew of the great evangelist's career; but it was the wish of Mr. Moody that his biography be written by his eldest son. Accordingly Mr. Sankey will not consent to take any part in such a work, other than to render what aid he can to the younger Moody in the task left him as the chief legacy of his father.



AT THE GATE

By E. Nesbit

THE monastery towers, as pure and fair
As virgin vows, reached up white hands to Heaven;
The walls to guard the hidden heart of prayer
Were strong as sin, and white as sin forgiven.
And there came holy men, by world's woe driven;
And, all about, the gold-green meadows lay
Flower-decked, like children dear that keep May-holiday.

"Here," said the Abbot, "let us spend our days,
Days sweetened by the lilies of pure prayer,
Hung with white garlands of the rose of praise;
And — lest the world should enter with her snare,
Should enter and laugh and take us unaware
With her red rose, her purple and her gold —
Choose we a stranger's hand the porter's keys to hold."

They chose a beggar from the world outside
To keep their world-ward door for them, and he,
Filled with a humble and adoring pride,
Built up a wall of proud humility
Between the monastery's sanctity
And the poor, foolish, helpless folk who came
To ask for love and care — in the dear Saviour's name.

For when the poor crept to the guarded gate
To ask for succor; when the tired asked rest;
When weary souls, bereft and desolate,
Craved comfort; when the murmur of the oppressed
Surged round the grove where Prayer had made her nest,
The porter bade such take their griefs away
And at some other door their bane and burden lay.

"For this," he said, "is the white house of prayer
Where, day and night, the holy voices rise
Through the chill trouble of our earthly air
And enter at the gate of Paradise.
Trample no more our flower-fields in such wise,
Nor crave the alms of our deep-laden bough;
The prayers of holy men are alms enough, I trow."

So, seeing that no sick or sorrowing folk
Came ever to be healed or comforted,
The Abbot to his Brothers gladly spoke:
"God has accepted our poor prayers," he said;
"Over our land His answering smile is spread:
He has put forth His strong and loving hand,
And sorrow and sin and pain have ceased in all the land.

"So make we yet more rich our hymns of praise;
Warm we our prayers against our happy heart;
Since God hath taken the gift of all our days
To wake a spell that bids all wrong depart,
Has turned our praise to balm for the world's smart,
Fulfilled of prayer and praise be every hour
For God transfigures praise and transmutes prayer to power."

So went the years: the flowers blossomed now
Untrampled by the dusty, weary feet;
Unbroken hung the green and golden bough,
For none came now to ask for fruit or meat —
For ghostly food, or common bread to eat;
And dreaming, praying, the monks were satisfied
Till, God remembering him, the beggar-porter died.

When they had covered up the foolish head
And on the blind and loving heart heaped clay,
"Which of us, Brothers, now," the Abbot said,
"Will face the world — to keep the world away?"
But all their hearts were hard with prayer, and "Nay,"
They cried, "Ah, bid us not our prayers to leave.
Ah — Father! not to-day — for this is Easter eve!"

And while they murmured, to their midst there came
A beggar, saying, "Brothers, peace be still!
I am your Brother, by Our Father's name,
And I will be your porter, if ye will,
Guarding your gate with what I have of skill."
So all they welcomed him and closed the door,
And gat them gladly back unto their prayers once more.

But lo! no sooner did the prayer arise,
A golden flame athwart the chapel dim,
Than came the porter, crying, "Haste, arise,
A sick old man waits you to tend on him;
And many wait — a knight whose wound gapes grim,
A red-stained man, with red sins to confess,
A white-faced mother who brings her child for you to bless."

The Brothers hastened to the gate, and there
With unaccustomed hand and voice they tried
To ease the body's pain, the spirit's care;
But, ere the task was done, the porter cried,
"Behold, the Lord sets your gate open wide,
For here be starving folk who must be fed,
And little ones that cry for love and daily bread!"

And with each slow-foot hour came ever a throng
Of piteous wanderers, sinful folk and sad;
And still the Brothers ministered, but long
The day seemed, with no prayer to make them glad.
No holy meditative joys they had,
No moment's brooding-place could poor prayer find
'Mid all those hearts to heal and all those wounds to bind.

And when the crowded sunlit day at last
Left the field lonely with its trampled flowers,
Into the chapel's peace the Brothers passed
To quell the memory of those hurrying hours.
"Our holy time," they said, "once more is ours!
Come, let us pay our debt of prayer and praise,
Forgetting in God's light the darkness of man's ways!"

But ere their voices reached the first psalm's end
They heard a new, strange rustling round their house.
Then came the porter: "Here comes many a friend
Pushing aside your budding orchard boughs.
Come, Brothers, justify your holy vows;
Here be God's patient, poor four-footed things;
Seek healing at God's well, whence lovingkindness springs."

Then cried the Abbot in a vexed amaze:
"Our brethren we must aid, if 'tis God's will,
But the wild creatures of the forest ways
Himself God heals with His Almighty skill.
And charity is good, and love — but still
God shall not look in vain for the white prayers
We send on silvery feet to climb the starry stairs.

"For, of all worthy things, prayer has most worth,
It rises like sweet incense up to Heaven,
And from God's hand falls back upon the earth,
Being of Heavenly bread the accepted leaven.
Through prayer is virtue saved and sin forgiven,
In prayer the impulse and the force are found
That bring, in purple and gold, the fruitful seasons round.

"For prayer comes down from Heaven in the sun
That giveth life and joy to all things made;
Prayer falls in rain to make broad rivers run,
And wake the seeds in earth's brown bosom laid;
By prayer the red-hung branch is earthward weighed;
By prayer the barn grows full, and full the fold,
For by man's prayer God works His wonders manifold!"

The porter bowed his head to the reproof,
But when the echo of the night's last prayer
Died in the mystery of the vaulted roof,
A whispered memory in the hallowed air,
The Abbot turned to find, still standing there,
The porter, and his face was still bowed down
As when it humbly bent before the Abbot's frown.

"Brother," the porter spoke, "I crave thy leave
To leave thee — for to-night I journey far —
But I have kept your gate this Easter eve,
And now your house to Heaven shines like a star
To show the Angels where God's children are;
And in this day your house has served God more
Than in the praise and prayer of all its days before.

"Yet I must leave you — though I fain would stay —
For there are other gates I go to keep
Of houses round whose walls, long day by day,
Shut out of hope and love, poor sinners weep;
Barred folds that keep out God's poor wandering sheep;
I must teach these that gates where God comes in
Cannot be shut at all to pain or want or sin.

"The voice of Prayer is very soft and weak,
And Sorrow and Sin have voices very strong;
Prayer is not heard in Heaven when those twain speak;
The voice of Prayer faints in the voice of Wrong
By the just man endured — oh, Lord, how long! —
If ye would have your prayers in Heaven be heard
Look that Wrong clamor not with too intense a word!

"But when true love is shed on want and sin
Their cry is changed, and grows to such a voice
As clamors sweetly at Heaven to be let in —
Such sound as makes the saints in Heaven rejoice —
Pure gold of prayer, purged of the vain alloys
Of idleness — that is the sound most dear
Of all the earthly sounds God leans from Heaven to hear.

"Oh, Brother, I must leave thee, and for Me
The work is heavy and the burden great.
Thine be this charge I lay upon thee: See
That never again stands barred thy abbey gate:
Look that God's poor be not left desolate.
Ah, me! that chidden My shepherds needs must be
When My poor wandering sheep have so great need of Me!

"Brother, forgive thy Brother if He chide.
Thy Brother loves thee — and has loved. For see,
The nails are in My hands, and in My side
The spear-wound; and the thorns weigh heavily
Upon My brow. Brother, I died for thee —
For thee and for My sheep that are astray,
And rose to live for thee, and them, on Easter Day!"

"My Master and my Lord!" the Abbot cried.
But, where that Face had been, shone the new day.
Only, on the marble by the Abbot's side,
Where those dear Feet had stood, a lily lay —
A lily white for the white Easter Day.
He sought the gate — no sorrow clamored there,
And, not till then, he dared to sink his soul in prayer.

And from that day himself he kept the gate
Wide open; and the poor from far and wide,
The weary and wicked, and disconsolate,
Came there for succor and were not denied;
The sick were healed, the repentant sanctified.
And from their hearts go up more prayer and praise
Than ever the abbey knew in all its prayer-filled days.

And there the Heavenly vision comes no more,
Only, each Eastern morn, a lily sweet
Lies white and dewy on the chancel floor
Where once stood the belovèd wounded Feet;
And the old Abbot feels the nearing beat
Of wings that bring him leave at last to go
And meet his Master, where the immortal lilies grow.

Under Royal Patronage

By F. Frankfort Moore

"ZE QUEEN shall be mate to know of it," cried Madame Schwellenberg in her shrillest tones. Her "rating" tones alternated between the extremes of shrillness and hoarseness. When she set about upbraiding Miss Fanny Burney, which she usually did twice before dinner and several times between teatime and the hour when Miss Burney was rung for to put the good Queen to bed, Madame Schwellenberg forgot all that she had ever learned regarding the delicacies of pronouncing the English language, and as Miss Burney faithfully recorded in those pages of her diary which have given immortality to the virago, interchanged her b's and p's, her d's and her t's, and compromised with every "th" on a simple "s." "Ze Queen shall be mate to know of your conduck, my fine latey, Mees Purney! Goot Himmel! One of Her Majesty's suite a goquette—a wicked goquette! Such a things have not been ever known since I gome hither! Have ze finker of scorn once ever been point to me as a goquette? Tell to me zat, matam!"

Miss Burney looked at the blazing face of the small, stout and stolid German, and laughed quite pleasantly. Little Miss Burney had a few years ago been accustomed to hear herself alluded to as a genius; but being a woman in spite of being a genius, she felt more flattered in being called a coquette than she had ever been when suffering under the other accusation.

"Madame Schwellenberg," said she, with the footprints of her laugh still on her face, "I do not think that your worst enemies, if you have any, would ever dare to say that you were a coquette. I beg of you not to suggest that I have been guilty of conduct unbefitting one of Her Majesty's ladies."

"Put I will suggest it, matam," shrieked the German. "I will suggest it at the top of my voice, so zat all ze world hears of it. I will zay zat ze young woman who entertains alone in a room in ze Balace an aide-de-camp is a wicket and heartiless goquette, and ze Queen shall be mate to know of it. 'Ole you tongue, matam; to not panty words mit me, matam."

"I will not bandy words with you, Madame Schwellenberg," said Fanny. "I will content myself by assuring you that if you say to the Queen that I was guilty of any coquettishness in regard to Colonel Willoughby you will say what is grossly untrue. But why should I take the trouble to tell you what you are well aware of yourself?"

"'Tis droo—droo, matam!" cried Madame Schwellenberg, craning her head forward until her face almost touched Fanny's. "I tell you again and again zat 'tis droo; and more zan zat——"

But what more the virago Schwellenberg meant to tell Miss Burney was never revealed to the latter, for the Queen's bell rang and Miss Burney ran to the looking-glass and straightened her hair, with provoking composure, before hurrying off to make Her Majesty's toilet for the night. The duty demanded the exercise of a certain delicacy of touch as well as some patience, but it did not call for a display of many of those gifts of imagination or description by which Miss Burney had been able to produce the most celebrated novel of her generation.

It was about this same novel, Evelina, that Colonel Willoughby had been talking to her when he had met her alone in the equerries' room at Windsor Palace a few hours before the Schwellenberg had begun rating her, and it was this that the Schwellenberg had made the excuse for her vehemence.

But in spite of the vulgar vehemence of the German dragon, Miss Burney, all the time she was confiding the Queen's curls to the guardianship of the Royal nightcap, was thinking with pleasure of the half-hour which Colonel Willoughby had passed with her in that room, before the equerries had assembled to drink tea and to eat cake. She had found him pleasanter than any of the equerries—nay, she had found him so pleasant that the thought of him prevented her, when she went to her own apartment, from having a single thought of the unpleasantness of the Schwellenberg.

She had met him at Oxford a short time before, and he had been very kind to her during a day of shocking neglect when she had been starved and wearied with the other ladies of the Royal *entourage*. At that time he had promised to call upon her, if she would allow him, at the Palace. She had given him the permission that he craved, and he had written to tell her that he would do himself the honor to visit her at a certain hour. She had no chance of letting him know that she preferred his calling when the equerries would be drinking tea—the time that he named was half an hour before tea-drinking—but as a matter of fact she preferred having him all to herself.

So he had come, with rigid punctuality, and now the first interval to herself that she had was filled up with the reflection that the half-hour which she had spent with him was the pleasantest time she had passed under the roof of Windsor Castle. She forgot all about the Schwellenberg's rage—all about the Schwellenberg's insolence—all about the Schwellenberg's threats; as Moses' rod swallowed up the rods of the wizards at Pharaoh's Court, so her thought of Colonel Willoughby's half-hour with her swallowed up remembrance of the rage of the witch who was in the habit of bullying her daily.

He had talked to her of her books—he had read them carefully—and his appreciation of them was quite as just as Doctor Johnson's, though he expressed it in phrases which were scarcely so well balanced, but which seemed to her to be quite as spontaneous as those which had been conceived in Fleet Street and matured on the way to Mrs. Thrale's at Streatham. No one at the Palace seemed to remember that she had written Evelina—no one except the Schwellenberg, and she remembered the fact only to reproach her with it. The feeling that generally prevailed at the Castle was, however, a kindly one to the effect that, although Miss Burney had written a book or two, she would, by leading an exemplary life as one of the Queen's dressers, eventually succeed in living down the reproach. But Colonel Willoughby had spoken with enthusiasm of her writing, and expressed the belief that the Queen herself must be very proud of having some one near her who was not only beautiful, but the most highly gifted of writers as well.

Oh, yes; he had not omitted to refer to her beauty, but Miss Burney, the writer of novels in which the emotions of young women were analyzed, believed that it was his reference to her talents that caused her to feel that the half-hour spent with him was the pleasantest she had known for a year.

DRAWN BY E. MARTIN JUSTICE

"HAVE ZE FINKER OF SCORN ONCE EVER BEEN POINT TO ME AS A GOQUETTE? TELL TO ME ZAT, MATAM!"

She was unable to sleep for some hours, and when at last she fell into a doze she did not cease to dream of the sweet possibilities that had been suggested to her when lying awake. When she awoke in the morning she was conscious of a certain exhilaration that came with the thought that he would come to her again before the end of the week.

It was when she was in attendance upon the Queen before lunch that she was made aware of the fact that the Schwellenberg had carried out her threat. Her Majesty was grave and kindly. She told Fanny that she was very sorry to hear that she had so forgotten the etiquette of the Court as to receive a male visitor without permission.

"Your Majesty has surely been misinformed as to the facts of this matter," said Fanny boldly. "Colonel Willoughby only sat with me for half an hour in a room that is far from being a private apartment. As a matter of fact, General Gwyn came into the room twice while Colonel Willoughby was there with me; yes, and I do not doubt that Madame Schwellenberg had alternately her eye and her ear to the keyhole during the few minutes that the door was shut."

The Queen frowned and shook her head. The frowning of Her Majesty was regarded by the courtiers with something akin to horror, and her shaking of her head with real dismay.

Twenty-four hours earlier Miss Burney would have so regarded Her Majesty's expressions of displeasure, but then she had not heard the voice of Colonel Willoughby telling her that she was beautiful as well as a genius.

"I humbly ask Your Majesty's pardon if I have offended Your Majesty," she now said, folding her hands and casting down her eyes. "I was presumptuous enough to think that Your Majesty might care to know the truth. I promise you not to err again, madam."

"Madame Schwellenberg is an old and valued servant of mine, Miss Burney," said the Queen very gravely. "She is not new to her duties, and I expect that any suggestion made by her will be received with respect by the other ladies of the Court. You owe Madame Schwellenberg an apology for what you have just said about her."

"Does Your Majesty command me to make an apology to Madame Schwellenberg?" asked Fanny in as grave a voice as that of the Queen.

"I have already said that you owe her an apology," said the Queen. "I am not accustomed to be asked by one of my maids to be more explicit, Miss Burney."

"I implore Your Majesty's pardon," said Miss Burney, "and I promise Your Majesty to offer my humble apologies to the lady who slandered me to the Queen. I venture to ask Your Majesty for leave to withdraw."

The Queen gave her a nod of majestic coldness, and Miss Burney, after sinking in a curtsy, went backward to the door.

She hastened to her own room, but she was not able to hold back her tears until she had flung herself down on her bed. She fled along the corridor with her handkerchief to her eyes, and was soon sobbing on her pillow. She had never been so humiliated in all her life. She recalled the compliments which she had received from Johnson, from Edmund Burke, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, from every member of the literary circle at Streatham—she recalled the deference that had been paid to her by the innumerable distinguished persons who were accustomed to assemble at her father's house in St. Martin's Street, and, finally, she recalled the enthusiastic words that were spoken to her only the day before by Colonel Willoughby, and she wondered, weeping, if ever a woman of beauty and genius—those were his words—had been so badly treated, even by a Queen.

She felt that if she had been one of the most ordinary of Her Majesty's subjects she should be entitled to justice at least, but being one of the Queen's maids it seemed that she had no right even to protest against the Queen's assuming that what that insolent and vulgar wretch Madame Schwellenberg had said to her discredit was true.

But the Queen had not merely done this; she had in addition commanded her, Fanny Burney, to apologize to the woman who had slandered her. The reflection caused a fresh outburst of tears, but gradually her heart began to harden. She rose from her bed and dried her eyes and smoothed her hair. She would go to the Schwellenberg with scrupulous neatness; she would not give the horrid old woman the satisfaction of perceiving that she was ruffled by what the Queen had said.

"Madame Schwellenberg," she said on entering the room, "I am commanded by Her Majesty to offer you an apology for having endeavored to clear myself from the disgraceful slanders which you spoke against me."

"Goot," grunted the Schwellenberg. "You was a fool; put you are young and I forgif you, if you promise not to do it ever again once more."

"Her Majesty did not command me to make any promises," said Fanny. "But she told me that you would be able to keep me right on all points of Court etiquette, and that is why I now beg of you to have the goodness to let me know into whose hands I shall place the resignation of the post which I hold in Her Majesty's household. Shall I send it to the Queen direct or through the Comptroller of the Household?"

The Schwellenberg gazed at the girl who stood demurely before her. Her jaw fell. She was unable to speak for some moments, and when at last she made the attempt to do so the result was an undignified splutter.

"Your resignation—your—— Ach! You are a fool—an ungradeful young fool!" she managed to gasp after several false starts.

"I have been a fool too long, madam," said Fanny. "I have submitted too long to your whims and your tempers and your vulgarity, but I shall be a fool no longer. This Palace

has been a prison to me, but I have yet to learn that in taking service with the Queen I forfeited my rights to that liberty which is enjoyed by all Her Gracious Majesty's subjects."

The Schwellenberg stared at her. The idea that any human being could look for anything higher than to be in the service of the Queen was new to her. If Miss Burney had declared herself to be a revolutionary agent, and had just announced her intention of murdering the whole Royal family, she would not have astonished the Schwellenberg more. But the Schwellenberg was not so astonished as to be unable to perceive that she herself would be blamed by the Queen as the primary cause of the disloyalty of Her Majesty's favorite maid. She knew that the Queen was sincerely attached to Miss Burney, and would regard her disappearance from the Court with the greatest regret.

The reflection was not pleasing to her.

Fanny made a curtsy and went to the door.

"To not go, Mees Purney," faltered Madame Schwellenberg. "Surely you will not go away for so schmall a zing. You will be sorry while you lif—dot is droo, pelieve me. Ach, no, you will zink petter of ze matter. You will stay?"

"I have already made up my mind, madam," said Fanny. "I love the Queen greatly; but I love liberty better, I love justice better, and I decline to submit to a tyranny such as a Muscovite would rail against. I shall hand in my resignation to-morrow."

She made another curtsy and left the room with dignity.

She felt elated at the discomfiture of her enemy; and when Colonel Willoughby came with his friend, General Gwyn, to drink tea that same night she greeted him in the presence of Madame Schwellenberg with the utmost cordiality. She had a sense of freedom such as she had never before experienced under the eye of the Schwellenberg dragon.

She found Colonel Willoughby more than responsive. He talked to her once again about the charm of her books, and asked General Gwyn if anything finer or fuller of ennobling sentiments than Evelina had ever been written in England. But General Gwyn, who had been a friend of Oliver Goldsmith, and who had recently married the beautiful Miss Horneck, only smiled and said that Evelina was indeed a work of genius.

Before he left the Palace Colonel Willoughby contrived to say a few words in Miss Burney's ear alone, and that was why Miss Burney's eyes were a good deal brighter than usual when she went to the Queen's room later in the night.

Before she slept she had written out her resignation of the office which she held as the Queen's dresser, and had sent it to the room of the Comptroller of the Household. She had frequently intended leaving the Palace, but a few words of kindness from the Queen had invariably prevented her from carrying out her intentions. Now, however, that the hour of her release was drawing nigh, she felt that she would be a poor creature indeed if, after being a prisoner for so long, she were to consent to remain in bondage simply because her jailer had become attached to her. In a month—she took it for granted that she had to give a month's notice—she would be free—free to receive the visits of Colonel Willoughby in her father's house in St. Martin's Street, off Leicester Fields. (That was really the sum of her aspirations after liberty.)

The next day she found Madame Schwellenberg in an amazingly good temper. She smiled with a vigor and a breadth that would have startled a stronger person than Miss Burney, and that would certainly have shocked any one who had not become acclimatized, so to speak, to the temperament of the Schwellenberg. She even went so far, in the exuberance of her good nature, as to offer Miss Burney a peppermint lozenge from her sweetmeat box. But Miss Burney declined the delicacy with dignity. She was not going to barter her principles for bonbons.

"You are never coing to leaf us, my tear," said Madame Schwellenberg, when Fanny was going out of the room.

"I decline to discuss my intentions with any of the household," replied Fanny with increased dignity.

The attitude of Madame Schwellenberg, when she had left the room, was quite free from any charge of dignity that might be brought against her. As a matter of fact, she both kicked the furniture and swore strongly in her native tongue at Miss Burney for an "impudent chit." And Miss Burney, having an elementary knowledge of human nature, came to the conclusion, on hearing the German compound oaths, their rough edges worn off through the distance of the corridor, that Madame Schwellenberg was somewhat annoyed, and that her annoyance was due to her failure to carry out the Royal decree that Miss Burney was to be conciliated. Fanny was convinced that such a decree had been issued to Madame Schwellenberg by the Queen, but she had no idea of submitting to be conciliated through the adventitious medium of a lozenge, however highly pepperminted.

In the evening she received a letter from Colonel Willoughby. On its being put into her hands she felt her heart sink; he was not coming that evening, so she would not see him. The reflection saddened her; but reading his letter caused her face to brighten once more, for its phrases fell little short of the direct avowal of a lover. They told her that the writer had passed a miserable day thinking that it was impossible for him to see her until the next evening, and assuring her that his only consolation consisted in counting the hours until he should be with her, though only for a few moments—"those few precious moments," said his letter, "are to my life what a few grains of sugar are to a dish of tea: they pervade it until every drop tastes of their sweetness."

Miss Burney, the writer of novels, felt that all her heroes were wooden things compared to a real lover. She had never created a lover capable of uttering so beautiful a sentiment. She read the letter once more before going to attend upon the Queen that night. She felt that she would need all the moral support of that letter to enable her to hold out against the Queen's pleading to her to withdraw her resignation.

Drawn by H. Martin Justice

BEFORE HE LEFT THE PALACE COLONEL WILLOUGHBY CONTRIVED TO SAY A FEW WORDS IN MISS BURNEY'S EAR ALONE

And she was right. Her Majesty condescended to tell her that she was very foolish to entertain so unworthy an aspiration as to hope for freedom, and to assure her that if she continued to serve Her Majesty her loyalty would have its reward. She commanded Miss Burney to believe that she was sincerely attached to her, and would even go so far as to grant her a week's holiday every second year so long as she remained a member of the Royal household.

Miss Burney knelt while she kissed the hand of her gracious mistress; but she did not withdraw her resignation. She only assured Her Majesty that she was deeply moved by Her Majesty's condescension.

In her own room she read (for a third time) Colonel Willoughby's beautiful letter, and the result of reading it was only to strengthen her resolution. She felt that though she might, on her own account, be inclined to withdraw her resignation, she owed it to her lover—she had already come to think of him as her lover—to gain her freedom before accepting his attentions. She had been assured by Madame Schwellenberg that it was contrary to every precedent of the etiquette of the Court for one of the Queen's *entourage* to accept the attentions even of an aide-de-camp, and she gave a hint of this in the letter which she wrote to Colonel Willoughby by the light of her candles before going to bed. It was rather a stiffer letter than she would have allowed one of her heroines to write in similar circumstances, but she could not omit stating in it that she had derived great pleasure from Colonel Willoughby's visits, and that, like him, she was counting the moments that must elapse until they should meet again.

She had the next day a good deal of the strange gladness of the maiden who has confessed her love, and this sensation caused her to bear up against the coldness in the Queen's attitude toward her and the more disagreeable cordiality of Madame Schwellenberg. It was plain that the Schwellenberg had hopes of inducing her by elaborate but quite artificial acts and words of cordiality to promise to withdraw her resignation. Fanny responded to her advances only with the most chilling politeness, and hastened to dress herself for her daily walk on the Slopes, carrying with her her letter—the first love letter; after all, it was not quite a love letter—which she had ever received.

She felt her cheeks becoming warmer as she read once again the sweet protestations which it contained, but they became much warmer when she raised her head and perceived that she was being watched by a young woman who was also walking on the Slopes. She hastily put away the letter, and the moment she did so the young woman approached her as if she wished to speak to her. She was a very good-looking girl, and she had the gait and the dress of a gentlewoman.

"Miss Burney, may I take the liberty of speaking a word or two to you?" she said with great nervousness.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, madam," said Miss Burney. "Still, what can you possibly have to say to me? I will listen to you."

"My name is Dorothy Leigh," said the girl. "I ventured to come hither because I fear—that is—I—I am afraid that—oh, Miss Burney, you will pardon my presumption, I know, when I tell you that I have promised to marry Colonel Willoughby."

Fanny did not give a start. Curiously enough, the only thought that she had at that moment was that it was marvelous how she could have been so foolish as to make one of the young women in a story which she had written fall to the ground in a swoon the moment she learned that the man who, she fancied, was her lover, was already married.

Fanny became very pale. She looked coldly at the young lady and, after a pause, asked in a chilling voice:

"Why have you come to tell me this, madam? Pray, how does your information, interesting though it be, concern me?"

"Ah, I thought—I feared," the girl began; she broke down, however, and burst out crying. Fanny, with dry eyes and a dry heart, watched her, but did not speak a word. After an interval of sobbing the girl was able to resume.

"Pray forgive me, madam," she said piteously. "I know that I have no right, only—ah, Miss Burney, you are clever; you know what an ambitious man is—you know that a man will stop at nothing in order to gratify his ambition; while we think only of love, men are absorbed by ambition. He heard from General Gwyn that you have the ear of the Queen—he has set his heart on becoming one of Her Majesty's equerries—he hoped to win you to plead for him, and I feared that perhaps you might think—that is, oh, it must have been a foolish thought of mine, only—oh, I cannot say anything more. I love him; he loves me—but, you will forgive me, Miss Burney?"

"There is nothing to forgive, my child," said Miss Burney. "When I see Colonel Willoughby—if I do see him again—I will congratulate him on having obtained the affections of so charming a young lady, and so I wish you good-day, Miss—Miss Dorothy Leigh."

"Dear Miss Burney," said the Queen that night, "you look very pale, and I dare swear that you have been weeping. Ah, let me hope that these signs, which I clearly perceive, mean that you are no longer obdurate. You will not forsake me. I like you better than you know. I would grant you anything you ask—a week's holiday—nay, I will make it ten days—and a new frock—a stiff taffeta—pink—you look well in pink."

She held out her hand, and Fanny fell on her knees as she kissed it.

"Madam, I do not want a holiday—I do not want a frock; but one favor I would beg of your Majesty," she cried. "I hope 'tis not too great a thing I ask."

"I am certain that it is not," said the Queen. "Pray tell me what it is."

"Colonel Willoughby—it is for him, madam," said Fanny, and the Queen frowned. "'Tis for him and—and another I plead to Your Gracious Majesty. He is in love with a sweet girl—her name is Miss Dorothy Leigh, and they will be happily married if only he finds sufficient favor with Your Majesty to give him the post of extra-equerry."

The Queen looked narrowly at the girl who stood before her with clasped hands. There was a long pause before she gave a laugh, saying:

"Heavens! What a fuss! I fancied you were going to tell me that—that—pshaw! I will give him the post to-morrow. Dear Miss Burney, I would make your respectable father, who is, I hear, a doctor of music, an equerry to-morrow, if only you would promise to stay with me."

Once again Miss Burney was on her knees, kissing the Queen's hand.

In another instant she was sobbing, with her own hands hiding her face.

THE MAKING OF A RAILROAD MAN

THE VIEWS OF THE PASSENGER CONDUCTOR

By J. H. Wicks, Assistant Superintendent Hudson River Division, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

THERE has been a marked change in the character of railroad employees since I entered the service of the Hudson River Railroad—now the Hudson River Division of the New York Central Railroad—on February 23, 1867. This change has been for the better, decidedly. The class of men now seeking employment is more advanced in education and higher in intelligence, and the service is drawing to itself every year more men who seek in it careers with the same remuneration and chances for advancement that they might find in other walks of life. As an illustration, I put to work as a freight brakeman not long ago a young man who is the son of a clergyman and has a college education. He is not a black sheep, and he has not led a wild life. He goes into the operating branch of the railroad because he sees chances for advancement commensurate with his abilities. He has taken up railroading as a profession.

THE UPHILL HAUL TO PROMOTION

When I began my railroad work freight brakemen were, as a rule, hired by freight conductors. Whenever a conductor found himself short a man he was at liberty to pick up one wherever he pleased and to set him at work. The conductor was responsible for the train and could hire whom he pleased in his department. After he had picked out his man he sent his name to the Superintendent, and if his work suited, after a term of probation as an extra man, the newcomer was put on the pay-roll at forty dollars a month as a regular. He was subject to discharge, however, by or on the recommendation of the conductor.

His promotion also depended almost wholly on the voice of the conductor. But as I was only a boy, and had had no experience whatever, my uncle, who was a freight conductor, first obtained the sanction of the Superintendent before setting me at work. But, in spite of this unusual form of appointment, I was, like my fellows, entirely under the direction of the conductor, who held my future in his hands.

This rule of employment passed out of existence more than twenty years ago, and since that time the Superintendent or his assistants have had the sole appointing power of brakemen on this line, but the young brakeman must still do his work to the satisfaction of his conductor or he will find his time of service short.

It is easier now for a man to find work on a railroad than then, in every department, because there are more railroads and more work; but, in spite of this fact, the number of vacancies never catches up with the number of applications. I suppose I have five applications every day of the year for work. Of this number I do not hire more than one per cent. But so carefully are these selections made, not only by myself but by the other officers of the road, that out of one hundred men who go into the railroad service in the operating branch (I speak chiefly of the brakemen and conductors) ninety per cent. remain in the service, and most of them are promoted.

When I began my work, the path to advancement was undeviating, and the steps were arduous. It took years to reach a point now attained in as many months, but I am not sure that the old-time, all-round experience did not have a value that the present method of specialization may lack. The rule was to begin as a freight brakeman and then to go into the passenger service in a like capacity. After that the novice went back to the freight as a conductor, and finally was given a passenger train, beginning generally with a mixed freight and passenger, or the old-style immigrant train.

THE DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS OF THE OLD SCHOOL

This routine presented hardships that the railroad man of the present time knows nothing of save by hearsay; but it certainly broadened a man's experience, hardened his nerves and muscles, strengthened his resolution, and gave him a certain firmness and decision which only prolonged hard work, coupled with responsibility, can give.

For three months I was a freight brakeman, and learned to know what hard work was from the very start. In those days all the freight cars were provided with platforms through which the brake staff ran. On these platforms the brakeman stood, and all he could do was to handle two brakes. There were no air-brakes in those days. They were the old-fashioned hand-twisters, and it took strength to turn them. The brakeman rode outdoors on these platforms, no matter what the weather might be. In winter it was the worst. The brakeman was so heavily clothed, to keep from freezing, that he could hardly climb over the cars. Of course, for work of this kind only men who were physically strong could be employed, and therefore brakemen were of a hardier class than they are to-day. Then it was more a matter of muscle than of mind. It is different to-day. As a natural result, the beginners of that time did not have the ambition that the young railroad man has to-day. Few of them thought beyond the end of the month, and the most that the majority looked forward to was a freight conductor's berth.

To-day all this is changed, and for the better. Now a man makes an application through the Superintendent or his assistant for a place as brakeman in either the freight or the passenger service. As there are more vacancies in the former than in the latter, most applications are for the freight. The applicant must be twenty-one years old, according to law, and if he is over thirty he does not stand much show of getting work, unless he is an experienced hand. He fills out a blank, which is a rather comprehensive affair, and contains an examination of the essentials in train work. There are two hundred rules of the road, for instance, which the applicant must study, and he must pass an examination on them in his application paper. In addition, he must furnish references extending back at least five years. So it is plain to be seen that the Superintendent has something to base his judgment on when he gives a young man a chance. Preference in appointments is given to the sons of conductors and engineers of the road, everything else being equal, and young men are chosen from the towns along the line of the road where it is possible. This is done to secure men who will not leave the service of the road at the first opportunity and go elsewhere. Most well-regulated roads want to retain the men whom they have trained, and every precaution possible is taken to exclude men who have a roving disposition. Home ties are among the strongest to hold a man, and therefore we take men who are joined to us by neighborhood bonds whenever we can.

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD RISE

An applicant must be physically strong and healthy, and his habits must be of the best. He must not drink intoxicating liquor while either on or off duty. I discharged a man the other day who had been with the road for a number of years because he came into my office under the influence of liquor. He was not on duty at the time, but I figured that if he would drink at one time he might at another time, and we have no room for drinking men.

The applicant must write a fair hand and be a good speller. These two characteristics will give an excellent idea of his education, and these, together with his appearance and his references, decide his chances. After he has been accepted he is placed at work on the extra list. Let us say that he enters the freight service. He is first sent over the road with a certain conductor. He is not put regularly to work until this conductor reports that he is qualified.

The young brakeman who wants to rise in his business must start out with two things firmly fixed in his mind. These things are, first of all, a willingness to work and, secondly, a determination to do more than he is paid to do. Untiring industry and strict loyalty to a road always bring advancement when joined with intelligence, no matter how slim the chances may be at the commencement of a railroader's career. The brakeman, when on the extra list, is not obliged to report at the yards except when he is called, but he must keep the office constantly informed of his whereabouts. If he leaves his home he must leave his address, so that if he is sent for he can respond at once.

When he comes down to the yard he must attend to business from the start, and it is a business that bears close watching. No brakeman can expect advancement who does not qualify himself in every particular to merit it. The brakeman who is in the line of promotion is a man who takes nothing for granted; who sees that everything is attended to himself, no matter whether the other brakeman or the conductor has done so before him or not. And there are many things to be attended to.

First, the brakes must be in good working order; the car seals must be in proper shape; the car doors secured; the car numbers and seal records noted, and the equipment for the trip, which is kept in the caboose, and consists of lanterns, frogs, chains, waste, oil, torpedoes and tools and so on, must be complete. In addition, the coupling between the cars must be made, and car trucks and wheels carefully inspected for breaks. Before the train starts the conductor walks down one side of the track along the forty-five or more cars that make up the outfit, and takes note of the seals and numbers on his side. On the other side of the track a brakeman walks, calling out the numbers on his side, so that when the tour is ended a complete record of the cars and their condition is made. The remaining brakeman has plenty to do looking after the equipment, brakes, coupling and running gear. It is a good half hour's work, and upon the care with which it is done depends the safety of the train. This has been proven time and again in practical railroad work.

The conscientious brakeman sees after these details himself. He not only does the work that he is ordered to do by his conductor, but all the other work that falls to his hand. When the train stops for water or fuel the alert brakeman is out on the track examining the cars to see whether they have been tampered with or not.

KEEPING A LOOKOUT FOR THIEVES AND TRAMPS

In describing the routine of the work of the brakeman I am including that of the conductor, because they should act as one man. Upon the activity and alertness of the brakeman the success of the conductor largely depends. One of the chief dangers which confront a freight train is robbery, and that exists even in the East, where every mile of track is guarded by watch towers and policed by officers.

Sometimes it is tramps who break into cars while the train stops and loot the contents for food and clothing, and sometimes it is organized bands of robbers who seek entrance in the same manner, but solely for purposes of theft. It requires constant vigilance to prevent these depredations, and it is seldom that a train is safe without a watch.

These robberies seldom result in fights between the train hands and the marauders, because, where the forces are equal, the latter usually run away at the former's approach, and where the trainmen are outnumbered the best course is to telegraph to the next station for police assistance. But once in a while a fracas occurs, and then the brakeman who is not a coward has a chance to distinguish himself. As a rule, however, it is an unnecessary risk, for men who are prepared to rob a train are usually prepared to commit murder. The chief use for physical force is in putting tramps off trains. A determined stand on the part of trainmen generally serves to clear the train, but when this fails a few well-directed blows carry the point.

WATCHFULNESS IN ROUTINE AND RESOURCE IN EMERGENCY

After a short probation as an extra man, a deserving tyro is generally promoted to a regular place, and the next step is to the charge of the train. If the ambitious brakeman seeks to relieve his conductor of care and to look after all the details of the work for himself, he finds himself well equipped for the conductorship when that promotion comes. But here he must follow the lines already pursued. However capable his brakemen may be, he must use his own eyes and follow his own judgment in doing his work. In other words, he must never rely upon his assistant for anything that he should know or do himself.

In cutting off cars, for instance, at certain stations or sidings, he should see for himself that this is done. Some conductors allow their brakemen to look after this important detail for them, while they are busy elsewhere, but it is a bad rule. Some day a car will go to the wrong destination, and the result will be a call over the carpet before the Superintendent. This never happens when the conductor relies wholly upon himself.

Of course, in cases of accident, the conductor's nerve and ingenuity, his decision and courage, come into instant play. He should have his men out on the track or tracks flagging the approaching trains, or, in foggy weather, setting torpedoes or swinging the warning lanterns. He must look after his cars and see that their contents are not spoiled by fire or water, or stolen. In case of a breakdown he should be ready with his chains and tools to make quick repairs, or in case he cannot do so in time to clear the track for the next train, he must send word to the nearest telegraph office. These contingencies require quick decision and instantaneous action.

Freight brakemen on our road get $2.10 a day, whether they are extra men or regulars, and passenger brakemen get from forty-five to fifty-five dollars a month.

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW TYPE: THE TRAINMAN

Having traced the work of the beginner from freight brakeman to freight conductor, I shall now take him into the passenger service. When I began, it was necessary for a man to go through all the branches of the service before getting a passenger train, but nowadays men often begin as passenger brakemen, become passenger conductors, and go even higher, without ever having had experience in the freight service. In the early days the passenger brakeman had very different work laid out for him than has the tidy, trimly uniformed young man of to-day. He was not only a brakeman in that he set the brakes at every station with his own hands, but he called out the names of the stations for the

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers begun in the Post of January 6. The series will be continued in subsequent issues.

passengers, helped passengers to alight and to board trains, lighted the lamps, built the fires in the cars, swept out the cars and even cleaned the windows, and at certain intervals carried around the drinking water in a tin kettle. In those days he was brakeman, porter, cleaner, train boy, and everything else that the conductor didn't have time to be. Besides these manifold duties he had to preserve a smiling and courteous manner with the passengers.

With the modern improvements in train equipment many changes have taken place. The hand-brakes are never used now except when the air-brakes fail to work. The cars are lighted by gas, cleaned by porters and heated by steam. The brakeman is no longer a "brakeman," but bears the official title of "trainman." He has more time than ever to learn the business of the man directly ahead of him, which is the only sure way of promotion known.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEW SERVICE

His first duty, of course, is to see that the train is in proper shape, and to protect it from the rear in case of accident or stoppage. Under these circumstances his work is similar to that of the freight brakeman with his flags, lanterns and torpedoes. The passenger trainman, though, finds his scope in other directions very much larger than did his comrade. He now begins to deal directly with the public that pay his wages. In his present line of work he should cultivate a knowledge of human nature. His activity must be tempered by patience, and he must acquire good manners. The comfort of the passengers depends in a large measure upon their treatment by the conductor and his trainmen, and it is for passengers that passenger trains are run. This is one of the points that a go-ahead trainman never forgets.

Whereas once he was only responsible to his conductor, he now finds himself divided between his chief and the passengers he carries. He can serve both loyally and at the same time. Indeed, a trainman who does not serve both is either unfitted for his work or is unfortunate in his conductor. As a passenger trainman, the beginner lays the foundation for the experience which counts most in his promotion. That foundation is the experience of dealing with all kinds of people, and of dealing with them firmly, but gently, politely and fairly. There is no room on any first-class railroad for a grumpy, ill-mannered, bad-tempered trainman. The passengers do not like him and the management will not keep him. No pull is strong enough to save such a man from discharge.

THE ADVANCE FROM TRAINMAN TO CONDUCTOR

In course of time a trainman is advanced to the post of passenger conductor as a vacancy occurs and his fitness is demonstrated. Then he finds that every experience in his past life becomes valuable. Every bit of information fits in. He must now remember that he directly represents the railroad corporation to the public that patronizes it. His actions are official. When he puts a man off the train the New York Central Railroad Company is back of him, and when civil damages for that action are sought, it is against the railroad company and not himself that the suit is brought. In a like measure, when he serves his passengers well, does them favors within his power, preserves the peace between them, adjusts their differences, answers their questions and conserves their comfort, the praise belongs as much to him as to the company that hires him. The conductor is the chief of the train. He starts it, and it stops at his command. His orders are the only ones that are recognized by the crew, and all the responsibility, save that of the engineer in his cab, rests solely on his shoulders. He must run his train safely. He must get away from stations as quickly as possible. That is the only place the conductor can make time. The engineer makes it between stations. These cares, however, are minimized on all well-regulated roads where road tracks are sound and accidents are rare; but the care of looking after the passengers differs with every train that leaves a station as one man differs from another.

QUARRELSOME PASSENGERS AND TEETHING BABIES

There may be sickness on board the train and the conductor is called in consultation. He first canvasses his train for a doctor. Failing to find one, he telegraphs to the next station and stops his train for him. There may be a dispute between two or more passengers. The conductor then acts as peacemaker. This is a tactful task. The conductor must never lose control of his train or of his temper, and the lot of the peacemaker is seldom an easy one.

A man leaves a coat over a seat and goes into the smoker. When he returns he finds the seat taken. Then comes trouble. This should be adjusted with as little bad feeling as possible, and nothing must happen to disturb the peace of the other passengers.

Sometimes a man refuses to pay his fare. There is generally a reason for this. Possibly the man is mistaken as to his rights, or he may be under the influence of liquor. Of course, on the other hand, he may be a dead beat. Here the conductor should use judgment tempered by diplomacy. It is often better to carry a man through to his destination, even when he is wrong, than to use force and put him off the train.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CHIVALROUS CONVICT

A conductor can have a fight on his train every day in the week just as he can on the street, but a good conductor seldom or never has trouble. There are times, however, when it cannot be avoided. I was once bringing down from Albany the night express. At Peekskill I took on a number of brickmakers, who got seats in the smoker. On the same car I had half a dozen convicts going from Auburn to Sing Sing, handcuffed together and to their keepers for safety. When I asked for tickets the first of the brickmakers refused to give one or pay fare either. His example was followed by the others. As I left the car I turned and told the men that when I came back after going through the train I should collect their fare or they would have to leave the train. Before I closed the door one of the brickmakers made for me with a knife." A convict saw him first, and, after calling a warning to me, he rose up and struck the fellow with his hands bound as they were by handcuffs.

The prison-keepers thereupon drew their revolvers and quieted the disturbance, while I continued my tour of the train. When I got back I found the brickmakers very peaceable, and they paid their fares without further trouble.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FLIGHT OF THE LINEN DUSTER

On another occasion, while running the morning express out of New York, I took up all tickets after leaving Poughkeepsie. A big passenger, whose ticket I had taken, claimed that it was for Staatsburg. Now, I knew it was only for Hyde Park, one-half the distance. When I asked for his fare there was trouble. When I told him he would have to leave the train at Hyde Park or pay the extra fare there was still more trouble. In those days conductors wore linen dusters in the summer time, and after my final demand for his fare the passenger and I came together. When I got up I had lost my linen duster, but he got off at Hyde Park all the same. That was a case where I had to fight for self-protection, but with the exercise of discretion such cases generally can be avoided. I can count such disturbances in my years of experience on the fingers of one hand.

The pay of a passenger brakeman in the local service is from forty to forty-five dollars a month; in the through service to Buffalo, about sixty dollars a month. A passenger conductor receives $83.33 on the local service, $100 on the Albany run, and $132 for the run to Buffalo.

Such, in outline, are the experiences of a passenger conductor of to-day. If he attends strictly to his duty and makes himself popular with the officials of the road, his crew and the passengers, he is in the line of promotion.

FROM CONDUCTOR TO TRAINMASTER—ANOTHER STEP

In my case promotion came in the form of a trainmastership. The trainmaster equips trains on his division with their men. He looks after specials of all kinds, and is the immediate superior of the conductors. From trainmaster I became Assistant Superintendent of the same division on which I began as a brakeman.

In conclusion, let me say that the prospects for a man's success in the railroad business were never brighter than they are to-day. The pay was never better, the work steadier, nor promotion surer. The better education a beginner has the better are his chances. If I had my life to live over again I should take up the study of mechanical engineering. If a man wants to become an all-around railroad man, technical knowledge of that sort is almost indispensable. Though many men are advanced to high places from the general offices without possessing any practical experience, and though these men often make most admirable officers, still I find that the greater my responsibilities are the more value my practical experience is. It is impossible for anything to happen in the shape of an accident on my division that I cannot comprehend at a glance. Nine times out of ten I have had a like experience, or, if not, I have been able by foresight and caution to avoid it. In either case I can look at the occurrence from a practical view-point.

WHAT INDUSTRY, GOOD SENSE AND GOOD FAITH WILL WIN

There is nothing in my modest career that any faithful, intelligent and willing beginner may not duplicate. My life has been one of honest, hard and plodding industry since I began as brakeman thirty-three years ago until to-day. As an extra hand I left my address at my home whenever I went out for business or for pleasure. As Assistant Superintendent to-day I never leave my office in the yards that I do not leave my address, so that I can be sent for in case of accident. During these thirty-three years I have never been out of daily touch with the road a single working day. The company has always known where to find me, and any young man who is willing to give that same kind of loyal service to his company, and who makes the best of every opportunity, and regards no duty too small to receive the whole of his attention, can hope for the same or even greater promotion.

The Field Fraternity

By Edwin Markham

WHEN God's dear justice is revealed—
The Kingdom that the Father planned—
His children all will equal stand
As flowers in the field.

There each one has a goodly space—
Each yeoman of the flowery race—
Each has a foothold on the Earth,
A place for business and for mirth.

No privilege bars a flower's access
To Earth's whole store of preciousness.
The flowers stand level on God's floor,
With equal nearness to His store.

And flowers, they have no private ends,
But stand together as close friends.
They send their beauty on all things,
An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not: there is enough
Laid by for them of God's good stuff—
Enough for all, and so no fear
Sends boding on their blameless cheer.
This noble blessedness can be
In kingdoms of Equality.

So from the field comes curious news—
That each one takes what it can use—
Takes what its lifted cup can hold
Of skyey rain and beamy gold;
And all give back with pleasure high
Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood
A testament of Brotherhood.

Two Great Railroad Men in Russia

IN THE awakening throughout Russia some very remarkable men have come to the front. One of them has a history which reads like romance. He was born in 1859 and was of the peasant class. To-day he is in all respects next to the Czar himself in power; in many respects greater than the Czar. This young peasant had a position in the railway service. He gave his thought to the great problems of transportation which he saw would come up in the development of his country. The war with Bulgaria broke out and the getting of the troops to the front was the all-important problem. The usual official orders were issued. He was assistant station master and his chief was away. He disregarded the orders and he was at once scheduled for Siberia, but the investigation of his insubordination did not proceed very far before it broke upon his judges that his genius had saved the Czar's troops from destruction. The work was promptly recognized and he was made a director in the Imperial railway. Then step by step he became the Minister who has not only reformed Russia's finances so that they command the respect and the confidence of the world, but has made possible the vast schemes of railway construction which are one of the marvels of the closing century. The peasant boy's name was Sergius Witte. He is now the great M. de Witte, with the title of Count and the admiration of the world.

Even more important than the railroad development which M. de Witte has aided in Russia is his complete reform of the financial system of the country. With a revenue of considerably over a billion dollars a year, Russia was falling behind several millions annually with nothing specially to show for it. No better indication of the change could be found than the fact that American bankers recently loaned to the Russian Government the extraordinary sum of $25,000,000. This, though a fine sign of confidence, was at the same time a good stroke of business on the part of Americans, for as Russia is purchasing about a million dollars' worth of American manufactures every month, the money will, after all, be kept near home.

The working man of Russia's railway development is Prince Hilkoff, who took the regular course in practical railroading, and who traveled around the world studying all sides of the transportation question before becoming the practical head of Russia's railway system. And it is he who expects this year to make a trip around the world in forty days, going by way of the route he has built across Siberia.

These men are strong in experience, and they have brought a new element of strength to the power of Russia by rigid integrity in official work. Their examples will naturally be followed by many strong men in Russia, and the development will doubtless be followed by large results.

'PUBLICK OCCURRENCES' That are Making HISTORY

Big Things of the Century's End

Just about ten years ago a young woman went around the world in eighty days, and everybody who read newspapers was talking of her performance. Before the present year is over it will be possible to make the trip in forty days, and before the earth is very much older man will probably get around it within the limits of a month. The one tremendous maker of miracles has been transportation, and it is filling this very year with wonderful performances. On the ocean the whole tendency is toward bigness. The North German Line had scarcely finished the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 13,800 tons and 27,000 horse power, before the White Star Line had the Oceanic, with 17,040 tons and 27,000 horse power, and now two other lines are building ships that will exceed both of these leviathans. Every shipyard in the world is busy. Newport News, which a generation ago was a cornfield, is now a centre of ceaseless activity, with 6000 men building fourteen vessels, some of which have a tonnage of nearly 12,000. There are nearly 4000 men at work on vessels in the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, and in the yards of the Cramps, at Philadelphia, 6000 men are busy. More than 100,000 skilled workmen are engaged at the different yards on the two coasts. In addition to all this, the Government has over 200,000 tons of warships either on the stocks or under contract.

To quicken our commerce, vast schemes are under way, the greatest of them being a canal across the Isthmus, which will save more than 10,000 miles in the trip from New York to San Francisco, and which will cost, according to one of the estimates, at least $125,000,000.

For land transportation the projects exceed everything in the history of the world. The longest tunnel on earth is now being built through the Alps to open a new route between north and south Europe. It will be twelve and two-fifths miles long, will be completed in five and one-half years, and will cost $14,000,000. In this country a great tunnel is to be built under New York at a cost of $35,000,000, for the local traffic of that crowded city.

The Great Railroad Through Africa

Every one understands that one of the certain results of the South African war will be a railroad and telegraph line down the backbone of Africa. A few days ago there arrived at Cape Town a man who had made the entire journey of 5500 miles from Cairo, and he reported that the route was practicable for a continuous line of road. From Cairo south there are now 1100 miles in operation. Then there is a break of 3000 miles. Thence to Cape Town 1400 miles are built, and would be in regular operation were it not for the temporary embarrassments caused by the war. The vast wealth which Africa will yield will easily pay for this great line, and it will not be too much to predict that within five years, or at the outside ten, there will be through trains from the metropolis of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope.

The Wonderful Progress of Modern Russia

Few of us have the slightest idea of the astonishing growth of enterprise and industry which is going on throughout Russia. With characteristic promptness the Americans have recognized the opportunities, and are not only selling tens of millions of dollars' worth of material in that country, but are now planning to invest at least $15,000,000 of American capital in Russian manufactures.

You probably do not know that to-day at Moscow you may take a train that combines the elegance and the convenience of the best modern travel, so that in your trip through Siberia you could not only bathe in a porcelain tub, get all the reading matter you wanted from a complete library, dine sumptuously and sleep comfortably, but that you would have at your command a complete gymnasium where you might take exercise as the train sped along. To many of us the road has simply been a line across the map, but the news comes that it is almost completed and that it will not be very long before trains can run all the way to Vladivostock. Already there are under construction numerous branch lines. Russia has also plans and partial concessions that will take a line thousands of miles through Persia to the Persian Gulf.

Millions for New Railroads in Asia

In Asia there are already 30,000 miles of railroad, and it is a safe prophecy to say that within five years there will be over 50,000. European syndicates have now concessions for nearly 4000 miles in China; Japan is rapidly increasing its 3200 miles, and in the French possessions over 2000 miles are projected. Russia will add thousands more, including a very important line on the left shore of the River Volga, which will connect with the general system, and will be of the utmost importance to the commerce of Russia, Central Asia and Persia. Down in Asia Minor there is an interesting rivalry between several of the nations, but Germany is ahead. The German syndicate will build 2000 miles that will unite the Persian Gulf with Europe, thus giving Germany entrance into the chief markets of the East. Already the Germans control Constantinople and Smyrna. In India, Great Britain has something like 20,000 miles of railway, and thus the great work of opening and modernizing Asia with its hundreds of millions of people goes on.

Transportation Development in this Country

The development of transportation in this country is mostly along railroad lines. The Great Lakes, which almost equal ocean travel in the cheapness of a long haul, will always have an increasing commerce. The tendency there is the same as upon the ocean—big ships that can carry big cargoes. Senator McMillan, who got a large part of his wealth from lake transportation, predicts still greater things in the size and importance of its trade.

Navigation on the Missouri River, which, next to the Mississippi and the Amazon, is the greatest waterway in the world, has been practically abandoned. If any one had predicted this twenty years ago he would have been laughed at, but the railroads, by increasing the size of their trains, and reducing the cost of their operation, have come closer and closer to water rates, and thus what was a wonderful river commerce has been diverted to the land.

The New Cable to the Far East

A few weeks ago the United States Ship Nero, Lieutenant-Commander H. M. Hodges, reached San Francisco after several months of interesting work in the Pacific Ocean. It is perfectly well understood that we must have cable communication with our possessions in the East. Several years ago a practicable route for this cable was established between San Francisco and Honolulu. Rear-Admiral R. B. Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, after a very careful study of the conditions, laid out a route from Honolulu by way of Guam to the Philippines, and also to Japan. His selection met with opposition from some of the cable authorities; but Commander Hodges, after a careful survey of the whole route, found that Rear-Admiral Bradford was right. The work was a peculiarly difficult one, and was brilliantly performed by Lieutenant-Commander Hodges, so that the whole result was most gratifying.

In the 240 days the ship was at sea she steamed over 30,000 miles. Here is an experience on one of the Midway Islands where there was no human life: "The number of sea birds on this island is infinite. Our visit was made during the nesting season, and on fully half the island the sand was literally covered with sea birds. It was quite impossible to cross it without stepping on the nesting birds and their eggs, unless precaution was taken to drive them away by means of a shrub branch. The noise of the retreating birds as they hovered overhead, screeching and darting threateningly, was deafening."

The bill in Congress to contract with the cable company which is to construct this line, provides that the cable shall be of American make, that the cable ships shall fly the American flag, and that the line to Honolulu shall be completed January 1, 1902, and the line to Manila and Japan by July 1, 1903. This will add largely to the cables of the world, of which there are now more than 170,000 miles.

To Connect the Three Americas

On December 4, 1890, a remarkable gathering took place in the State Department at Washington. It was composed of three of the leading railroad men of the United States, and representatives from Central and South American countries, including Brazil, Venezuela, Peru, Mexico and Colombia. Secretary Blaine called the gentlemen to order, and the Intercontinental Railway Commission began its official existence. Mr. A. J. Cassatt, now President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was elected President. In a few months this commission had organized surveying parties to find out the feasibility of what was then called the Three Americas Railway. Three corps of engineers were sent to South America, and twice the Congress of the United States voted $65,000 for this country's portion of the cost of the work. Contributions of smaller sums were made by the other countries, and altogether something like $200,000 was spent. Nothing very definite came of the labors except a corroboration of the idea that the line is entirely practicable. The engineering difficulties are not so great as those which have been solved in railway construction in the United States, especially in Colorado. From New York to Buenos Ayres is 9000 miles, and to-day more than one-half of this distance is covered by railroads. Mexico has been pushing southward. The Argentine Republic has been pushing northward. Chili has a good railway system, and the time will undoubtedly come when there will be railway service all the way from Alaska to the southern part of South America. As in South Africa, the enormous natural wealth of South America will easily pay for the several thousand miles of line which will one day be built. The extreme cost of the whole work has been placed at $300,000,000.

A. J. CASSATT
PHOTO BY BAND & SANFORD, NEW YORK

JAMES McMILLAN
PHOTO BY C. M. HAYES & CO., DETROIT

REAR-ADMIRAL R. B. BRADFORD
PHOTO BY GILBERT PHOTO CO., PHILA.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

Lord Strathcona's Canadian Regiment

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Canadian millionaire who is paying the entire expenses of a regiment to fight the Boers, is a brilliant example of a self-made man. All his great wealth has been acquired within the last thirty years As Donald Smith he came to Canada when a boy and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. Until 1867 most of his life was spent on the bleak Labrador coast, collecting valuable furs from the numerous tribes of Indians scattered through that dreary region

After the death of Sir George Simpson, Mr. Smith succeeded him as supreme head of the Hudson Bay Company, and from that time he came rapidly to the front. During the famous Riel rebellion of '67 he was deputed by the Government to try to settle the difficulties of the half-breeds. He was taken prisoner by Riel and held for some days, but, knowing the character of the rebels well and understanding their grievances, he was instrumental in settling the difficulties notwithstanding. Later, he sat in the Dominion Parliament for some years, and has always been most active where Canadian interests are concerned. He has given largely to charitable and educational objects

With four or five others Mr. Smith purchased the St. Paul and Minneapolis Railway, a venture which resulted in a profit of many millions to those concerned. Mr Smith also took a prominent part in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee he was created Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, in recognition of his many services to the Empire

In private life Lord Strathcona is a man of simple, almost ascetic habits, but he is fond of entertaining his friends in a truly princely manner. He is now President of the Bank of Montreal, one of the largest monetary institutions in the world, and is High Commissioner of Canada. He resides in London most of the year, though he has a splendid mansion in Montreal to which is attached a picture gallery containing one of the best collections in North America. He also has a [illegible] "Glencoe"—in Perthshire, Scotland, where in his brief times of leisure he gathers about him a group of congenial friends. Yet even here he keeps in touch with the busy world and has a post office and telegraph at his very door

Though over eighty years of age, Lord Strathcona works very hard. In appearance he is tall, thin and wiry, and has an essentially Scottish face. His keen, deep sunk eyes, still having the fire of youth, contrast with his snow white hair and beard

The regiment Lord Strathcona has equipped is known as "Strathcona's Horse." It is fitted out and maintained entirely at his expense; the first cost is estimated at over half a million. The men are skilled riders and are chiefly taken from the ranchers and cowboys of the Northwest

How Lieutenant Peary Retrieved Wild Ducks

Lieutenant R. E Peary, the Arctic explorer, is a native of Maine. He prepared himself for entering Bowdoin College at Fryeburg Academy, in Fryeburg, in the western part of the State. The following story of Peary's early days shows his method of overcoming obstacles

One of his fellow-townsmen, while out hunting one day in November, discovered a flock of ducks in a pond about two miles from the village The man wanted the birds, but knew no way of getting them, even if his shot were effective, for he had no dog, and there was no boat in the pond. On his way home he met Peary and told him about the ducks and why he had not fired at them

"Now," said Peary, "let's go back to the pond, and if the ducks are still there I promise to retrieve all you kill

They returned to the pond; the ducks were undisturbed. The weather had been cold for several days, ice had formed around the shore of the pond, and the ducks were bunched out in open water, but within range. Merrill fired and killed two. Without more ado than if he were about to take a dip in the old swimming hole on a hot July day, Peary removed his clothing, broke the ice with a heavy stick and swam out, picked up the dead birds and brought them to land

Private Epps and His Seventeen Prisoners

Private Epps, of the Thirty-third Volunteer Infantry Company B, is to have a medal of honor, and thereby hangs the tale of one of the most remarkable of recent incidents in the Philippines

It was in the great fight at Vigan—the fight in which the gallant Thirty-third was led by Colonel "Jim" Parker. Out there this battle is on record as one of the hardest fought engagements of the war. The Tagals, in considerable force had sought shelter in houses and in all sorts of old places whence a rifle could be fired at the detested Americanos It was Colonel Parker's business to clear them out, and the job was a hot one while it lasted

The Thirty-third Infantry is composed chiefly of Texans—rough and tough frontiersmen—every one of them a practiced marksman. What with their appetite for fighting and their shooting ability, they are probably the most formidable regiment in the army. Private Epps is merely a sample

On the occasion of this big fight Private Epps suspected that a certain house might shelter some insurgents, so he went to investigate it. The dwelling was in the middle of an enclosure surrounded by a stone wall. He jumped upon the wall, which was about five feet high, and, looking down, saw no fewer than seventeen Filipinos crouching with rifles ready

Without a moment's hesitation he called upon them to surrender. Five minutes later when Colonel "Jim" came up, he found them disarmed and under guard by Private Epps, their guns conveniently stacked

When Private Epps was summoned later to h[illegible] and formally complimented for his achievement, he [illegible] surprised, and remarked that he couldn't see anything especially notable in his performance

"Why," said he, "what could they do but surrender? I had the dead drop on them."

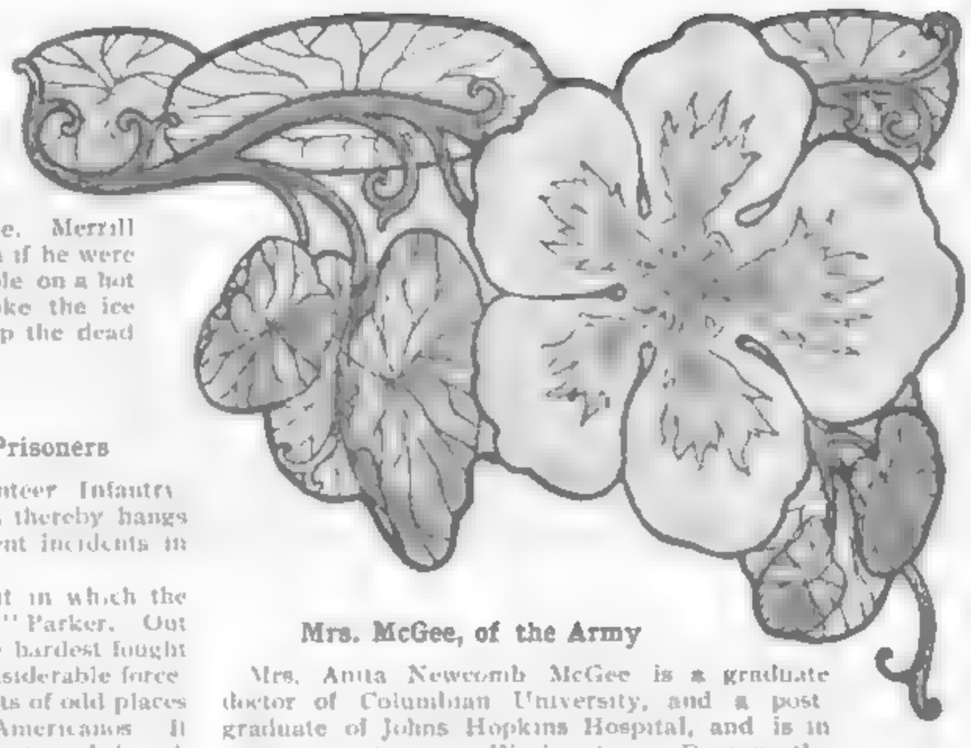
Nevertheless, Private Epps is to have a medal of honor

Miss Cutter's Ubiquitous Friend

A curious case of mistaken identity took place not long ago, in which Miss Ruby Cutter, a church choir soprano and concert soloist, was the chief actor. She and a friend also a soprano, were engaged to sing for a church charity the same evening, the latter in Jersey City and Miss Cutter in Brooklyn. They selected about the same repertoire. After supper they took cabs

When Miss Cutter alighted in the darkness she found, to her dismay, that she was in Jersey City and that in all probability her friend was at her church in Brooklyn. Evidently there had been a mixup in cabs. There was no time to undo the mistake, however, and Miss Cutter went forward, [illegible] without explaining anything, took her friend's place [illegible] sang her numbers on the program

The other singer, on the other hand, was more careful She told the committee of the mistake but, like Miss Cutter, also filled the bill, but she did it in her own name. The next morning the papers had Miss Cutter's friend singing with great applause in both cities at the same hour



Mrs. McGee, of the Army

Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee is a graduate doctor of Columbian University, and a post graduate of Johns Hopkins Hospital, and is in active practice in Washington. During the war with Spain she offered her services, and on August 29, 1898, was appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. She was stationed in the Surgeon General's office in charge of nurses. Mr. McGee is the ethnologist in charge of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and is an author of some of the important scientific books of this country. Mrs. McGee spent three years in Europe, during which time she studied in Cambridge, England, and at the University of Geneva She is one of the most active of American women, being a Fellow and ex Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and one of the Vice-Presidents-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution

The Kangaroo with the Feathered Tail

Robert Frank, the well known artist, is a self made man and not until he had become self-supporting did he have a chance to pursue the regular studies which most people have in earlier life. When he began drawing for a living, his workmanship was so excellent that he had no trouble in securing orders. One day he delivered some sketches to an employer who said, "By the by, Frank, I want a picture drawn in a great hurry. It is a novel thing, a boxing kangaroo

"Ja, wohl" answered the artist, "I will have it ready to morrow for you."

"You know what a kangaroo is, of course?"

Frank must have been thinking of an ostrich, because he answered with a complacent smile

"Ja, gewisslich. It is a long tail thing mit lots of feddars." And "Feddars" has been his nickname ever since

A Well-Merited Retort

Ex-Assistant United States District Attorney Sutherland Tenney, of New York, was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1875, when he carried off the first prize of five hundred dollars. A disappointed competitor congratulated him, and added

"I suppose it was because your thesis was illegible, as usual, and the judges gave you the benefit of the doubt

Mr. Tenney, unruffled, replied: "How much better you would do if you adopted that practice in all your work"

The three men—George, Harris and the author—are touring Germany [illegible] A tandem and a [illegible]

Back to Ethelbertha

ANYBODY could rule this country," said George; "I could rule it."

We were seated in the garden of the Kaiser Hof, at Bonn, looking down upon the Rhine. It was the last evening of our trip; the early morning train would be the beginning of the end.

"I should write down on a piece of paper all I wanted the people to do," continued George, "get a good firm to print off so many copies, have them posted about the towns and villages, and the thing would be done."

In the placid, docile German of to-day, whose only ambition appears to be to pay his taxes, and do what he is told to do by those whom it has pleased Providence to place in authority over him, it is difficult, one must confess, to detect any trace of his wild ancestor to whom individual liberty was as the breath of his nostrils; who appointed his magistrates to advise but retained the right of execution for the tribe who followed his chief, but would have scorned to obey him.

In Germany to-day one hears a good deal concerning Socialism; but it is a Socialism that would only be Despotism under another name. Individualism makes no appeal to the German voter. He is willing, nay, anxious, to be controlled and regulated in all things. He disputes, not government, but the form of it. The policeman is to him a religion, and one feels will always remain so. In England we regard our man in blue as a harmless necessity. By the average citizen he is employed chiefly as a signpost, though in busy quarters of the town he is considered useful for taking old ladies across the road. Beyond feeling thankful to him for these services, I doubt if we take much thought of him. In Germany, on the other hand, he is worshiped as a little god, and loved as a guardian angel. To the German child he is a combination of Santa Claus and the Bogie Man. All good things come from him—holidays, *Spielplatze* to play in, furnished with swings and giant strides, sand heaps to fight around, swimming baths, and fairs. All misbehavior is punished by him. It is the hope and aim of every well meaning German boy and girl to please the police. To be smiled at by a policeman makes it conceited. A German child that has been patted on the head by a policeman is not fit to live with; its self importance is unbearable.

The German citizen is a soldier, and the policeman is his officer. The policeman directs him where in the street to walk, and how fast to walk. At the end of each bridge stands a policeman to tell the German how to cross it. Were there no policeman there he would probably sit down and wait till the river had passed by. At the railway station, the policeman locks him up in the waiting room, where he can do no harm to himself. When the proper time arrives he fetches him out and hands him over to the guard of the train, who is only a policeman in another uniform. The guard tells him where to sit in the train, and when to get out, and sees that he does get out. In Germany you take no responsibility upon yourself whatever. Everything is done for you, and done well. You are not supposed to look after yourself; you are not blamed for being incapable of looking after yourself, it is the duty of the German policeman to look after you. That you may be a helpless idiot does not excuse him should anything happen to you. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing you are in his charge, and he takes care of you—good care of you; there is no denying this.

If you lose yourself, he finds you, and if you lose anything belonging to you, he recovers it for you. If you don't know what you want, he tells you. If you want anything that is good for you to have, he gets it for you. Private lawyers are not needed in Germany. If you want to buy or sell a house the State makes out the conveyance. If you have been swindled, the State takes up the case for you. The State marries you, insures you, will even gamble with you for a trifle.

"You get yourself born," says the German Government to the German citizen; "we do the rest. Indoors and out of doors, in sickness and in health, in pleasure and in work, we will tell you what to do, and we will see to it that you do it. Don't you worry yourself about anything."

And the German doesn't. Where there is no policeman to be found he wanders about till he comes to a police notice posted on a wall. This he reads; then he goes and does what it says.

WE WERE SEATED IN THE GARDEN OF THE KAISER HOF, AT BONN

I remember in one German town—I forget which; it is immaterial; the incident could have happened in any—noting an open gate leading to a garden in which a concert was being given. There was nothing to prevent any one who chose from walking through that gate and thus gaining admittance to the concert without paying. In fact, of the two gates, quarter of a mile apart, it was the more convenient. Yet of the crowds that passed not one attempted to enter by that gate. They plodded steadily on under a blazing sun to the other gate, at which a man stood to collect the entrance money. I have seen German youngsters stand longingly by the margin of a lonely sheet of ice. They could have skated on that ice for hours and nobody have been the wiser. The crowd and the police were at the other end, more than half a mile away, and around the corner. Nothing stopped their going on but the knowledge that they ought not. Things such as these make one pause to wonder seriously whether the Teuton be a member of the sinful human family or not. Is it not possible that these placid, gentle folk may in reality be angels, come down to earth?

In Germany the country roads are lined with fruit trees. There is no voice to stay man or boy from picking and eating the fruit, except conscience. In England such a state of things would cause public indignation. Children would die of cholera by the hundred. The medical profession would be worked off its legs trying to cope with the natural results of over-indulgence in sour apples and unripe walnuts. Public opinion would demand that these fruit trees should be fenced about, and thus rendered harmless. Fruit growers, to save themselves the expense of walls and palings, would not be allowed in this manner to spread sickness and death throughout the community.

But in Germany a boy will walk for miles down a lonely road hedged with fruit trees to buy a pennyworth of pears in the village at the other end. To pass these unprotected trees, drooping under their burden of ripe fruit, strikes the Anglo Saxon mind as a wicked waste of opportunity, a flouting of the blessed gifts of Providence.

I do not know if it be so, but from what I have observed of the German character I should not be surprised to hear that when a man in Germany is condemned to death he is given a piece of rope and told to go and hang himself. It would save the State much trouble and expense, and I can see that German criminal taking that piece of rope home with him, reading up carefully the police instructions, and proceeding to carry them out in his own back kitchen.

The Germans are a good people, on the whole—the best people, perhaps, morally speaking, in the world; an amiable, unselfish, kindly people. I am positive that the vast majority of them go to Heaven. Indeed, comparing them with the other Christian nations of the earth, one is forced to the conclusion that Heaven will be chiefly of German manufacture. But I cannot understand how they get there. That the soul of any single individual German has sufficient initiative to fly up by itself and knock at St. Peter's door I cannot believe. My own opinion is that they are taken there in small companies, and passed in under the charge of a dead policeman.

Carlyle said of the Prussians (and it is true of the whole German nation) that one of their chief virtues was their power of being drilled. Of the Germans you might say they are a people who will go anywhere, and do anything, they are told. Drill a German for the work and send him out to Africa or Asia under charge of somebody in uniform, and he is bound to make an excellent colonist, facing difficulties as he would face the devil himself, if ordered. But it is hard to conceive of him as a pioneer. Left to run himself, one feels he would soon fade away and die, not from any lack of intelligence, but from sheer want of presumption.

The German has so long been the soldier of Europe that the military instinct has entered into his blood. The military virtues he possesses in abundance. But he also suffers from the drawbacks of the military training. It was told me of a German servant, lately released from the barracks, that he was instructed by his master to deliver a letter to a certain house, and to wait there for the answer. The hours

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the issue of January 6. Each paper is practically complete in itself

passed by and the man did not return. His master, anxious and surprised, followed. He found the man where he had been sent, answer in hand. He was waiting for further orders The story sounds exaggerated, but I can credit it.

The curious thing is that the same man, who as an individual is as helpless as a child, becomes, the moment he puts on a uniform, an intelligent being, capable of responsibility and initiative. The German can rule others and be ruled by others, but he cannot rule himself. The cure would appear to be to train every German for an officer and then put him under himself. It is certain he would order himself about with discretion and judgment, and see to it that he himself obeyed himself with smartness and precision

—he is worshiped as a little god, and loved as a guardian angel

For the direction of German character into these channels, the schools, of course, are chiefly responsible. Their everlasting teaching is Duty. It is a fine ideal for any people, but before buckling to it one would wish to have a clear understanding as to what this Duty is. The German idea of it would appear to be, "Blind obedience to everything in buttons." It is the antithesis of the Anglo-Saxon scheme, but as both the Anglo-Saxon and Teuton are prospering, there must be good in both methods. Hitherto the German has had the good fortune to be exceptionally well governed, if this continue, it will go well with him. When his troubles will begin will be when by any chance something goes wrong with the governing machine. But maybe his method has the advantage of producing a continuous supply of good governors; it would certainly seem so.

As a trader, I am inclined to think the German will, unless his temperament considerably change, remain always a long way behind his Anglo-Saxon competitor, and this by reason of his virtues. To him life is something more important than a mere race for wealth. A country that closes its banks and post offices for two hours in the middle of the day while it goes home and enjoys a comfortable meal in the bosom of its family, with perhaps forty winks by way of dessert, cannot hope, and possibly has no wish, to compete with a people that takes its meals standing and sleeps with a telephone over its bed. In Germany there is not—at all events, as yet—sufficient distinction between the classes to make the struggle for position the life-and-death affair it is in England and America. Beyond the landed aristocracy, whose boundaries are impregnable, grade hardly counts. Frau Professor and Frau Candlestick-maker meet at the weekly Kaffee Klatsch and exchange scandal on terms of mutual equality. The Wirtschaft keeper and the doctor hobnob together. The wealthy master-builder, when he prepares his roomy wagon for an excursion into the country, invites his foreman and his tailor to join him with their families. Each brings his share of drink and provisions, and returning home they sing in chorus the same songs.

So long as this state of things endures a man is not induced to sacrifice the best years of his life to win a fortune for his dotage. His tastes—and more to the point still, his wife's—remain inexpensive. He likes to see his flat or villa furnished with much red plush upholstery and a profusion of gilt and lacquer. But that is his idea, and maybe it is in no worse taste than is a mixture of bastard Elizabethan with imitation Louis XV, the whole lit by electric light and smothered with photographs. Possibly he will have his outer walls painted by the local artist: a sanguinary battle, a good deal interfered with by the front door, taking place below, while Bismarck, as an angel, flutters vaguely about the bedroom windows. But for his Old Masters he is quite content to go to the public galleries, and, "the Celebrity at Home" not having as yet taken its place amongst the institutions of the Fatherland, he is not impelled to waste his money turning his house into an old curiosity shop

The German is a gourmand. There are still English farmers who, while telling you that farming spells starvation, enjoy their seven solid meals a day. Once a year there comes a week's feast throughout Russia, during which many deaths occur from the overeating of pancakes; but this is a religious festival, and an exception. Taking him all around the German as a trencherman stands preeminent among the nations of the earth. He rises early, and while dressing tosses off a few cups of coffee, together with half a dozen hot buttered rolls. But it is not until ten o'clock that he sits down to anything that can properly be called a meal. At one or half past takes place his chief dinner. Of this he makes a business, remaining at it for a couple of hours. At four o'clock he goes to the café, eats cakes and drinks chocolate. After that he touches nothing for at least three hours. The evening he devotes to eating generally; not a set meal, or rarely, but a series of snacks; a bottle of beer and a Belegete-semmel or two at seven, say; another bottle of beer and an Aufschnitt at the theatre between the acts; a small bottle of white wine and a Spiegeleier before going home, then a piece of cheese or sausage, washed down by more beer, previous to turning in for the night

But he is no gourmet. French cooks and French prices are not the rule at his restaurant. His beer or his inexpensive white wine he prefers to the most costly clarets or champagnes. And, indeed, it is well for him he does, for one is inclined to think that every time a French grower sells a bottle of wine to a German hotel or shopkeeper Sedan is rankling in his mind. It is a foolish revenge, seeing that it is not the German who as a rule drinks it; the punishment falls upon some innocent traveling Englishman. Mr[illegible] however, the French dealer remembers also Waterloo, and feels that in any event he scores

In Germany expensive entertainments are neither offered nor expected. Everything throughout the Fatherland is homely and friendly. The German has no costly sports to pay for, no shows establishments to maintain, no purse proud circle to dress for. His chief pleasure, a seat at the opera or concert, can be had for a few marks, and his wife and daughters walk there in home-made dresses, with shawls over their heads Indeed, throughout the country the absence of all ostentation is to English eyes quite refreshing Private carriages are few and far between, and even the droshky is made use of only when the quicker and cleaner electric car is not available.

By such means the German retains his independence. The shopkeeper in Germany does not fawn upon his customers. I accompanied an American lady once on a shopping excursion in Munich. She had been accustomed to shopping in London and New York, and she grumbled at everything the man showed her. It was not that she was really dissatisfied; this was her method She explained that she could get most things cheaper and better elsewhere; not that she really thought she could, merely she held it good for the shopkeeper to say this. She told him that his stock lacked taste; she did not mean to be offensive; as I have explained, it was her plan; that there was no variety about it; that it was not up to date; that it was commonplace; that it looked as if it would not wear. He did not argue with her; he did not contradict her. He put the things back into their respective boxes, replaced the boxes on their respective shelves, walked into the little parlor behind the shop and closed the door.

"Isn't he ever coming back?" asked the lady, after a couple of minutes had elapsed. Her tone did not imply a question so much as an exclamation of mere impatience.

"I doubt it," I replied

"Why not?" she asked, much astonished

"I expect," I answered, "you have bored him. In all probability he is at this moment behind that door smoking a pipe and reading the paper

"What an extraordinary shopkeeper!" said my friend, as she gathered her parcels together and indignantly walked out

"It is their way," I explained "There are the goods; if you want them you can have them. If you do not want them they would almost rather that you did not come and talk about them"

On another occasion I listened in the smoke-room of a German hotel to a small Englishman telling a tale which had I been in his place I should have kept to myself

"It doesn't do," said the little Englishman, "to try and beat a German down. They don't seem to understand it. I saw a first edition of The Robbers in a shop in the Georg Platz. I went in and asked the price. It was a rum old chap behind the counter. He said, 'Twenty-five marks,' and went on reading I told him I had seen a better copy only a few days before for twenty; one talks like that when one is bargaining; it is understood. He asked me Where?' I told him in a shop at Leipzig He suggested my returning there and getting it; he did not seem to care whether I bought the book or whether I didn't. I said

"'What's the least you will take for it?'

"'I have told you once,' he answered; 'twenty-five marks.' He was an irritable old chap

"I said: 'It's not worth it'

I never said it was, did I?' he snapped

"I said: 'I'll give you ten marks for it.' I thought, maybe, he would end by taking twenty

He arose. I took it he was coming around the counter to get the book down. Instead, he came straight up to me. He was a biggish sort of man. He took me by the two shoulders, walked me out into the street and closed the door behind me with a bang. I was never more surprised in all my life."

"Maybe the book was worth twenty five marks," I suggested

"Of course it was," he replied; "well worth it. But what a notion of business!"

If anything changes the German character it will be the German woman. She herself is changing rapidly—advancing, as we call it. Ten years ago no German woman caring for her reputation, hoping for a husband, would have dared to ride a bicycle; to-day they spin about the country in their thousands. The old folks shake their heads at them; but the young men, I notice, overtake them and ride beside them. Not long ago it was considered unwomanly in Germany for a lady to be able to do the outside edge Her proper skating attitude was thought to be that of clinging limpness to some male relative. Now she practices eights in a corner by herself until some young man comes along to help her. She plays tennis, and I have even noticed her, from a point of safety, driving a dog cart

Brilliantly educated she always has been. At eighteen she speaks two or three languages, and has forgotten more than the average Englishwoman has ever read. Hitherto this education has been utterly useless to her. On marriage she has retired into the kitchen and made haste to clear her brain of everything else in order to leave room for bad cooking But suppose it begins to dawn upon her that a woman need not sacrifice her whole existence to household drudgery any more than a man need make himself nothing else than a business machine. Suppose she develops an ambition to [illegible] part in the social and national life Then the influence [illegible], partner, healthy in body and therefore vigorous in mind, is bound to be both lasting and far-reaching

For it must be borne in mind that the German man is exceptionally sentimental, and most easily influenced by his womenfolk. It is said of him he is the best of lovers, the worst of husbands. This has been the woman's fault. Once married, the German woman has done more than put romance behind her; she has taken a carpet beater and driven it out of the house. As a girl, she never understood dressing, as a wife, she takes off such clothes even as she had and proceeds to wrap herself up in remnants; at all events, this is the impression she produces. The figure that might often be that of a Juno, the complexion that would sometimes do credit to a healthy angel, she proceeds of malice and intent to spoil

She sells her birthright of admiration and devotion for a mess of sweets. Every afternoon you may see her at the [illegible] ing herself with rich cream-covered cakes, washed down by copious draughts of chocolate. In a short time she becomes fat, pasty, placid, and utterly uninteresting

When the German woman gives up her afternoon coffee and her evening beer, takes sufficient exercise to retain her shape, and continues to read after marriage something else than the cookery book, the German Government will find it has a new and unknown force to deal with. And everywhere throughout Germany one is confronted by unmistakable signs that the old German Frauen are giving place to the newer Damen

Concerning what will then happen one feels curious. For the German nation is still young, and its maturity is of importance to the world. They are a good people, a lovable people, who should help much to make the world better

The worst that can be said against them is that they have their failings. They themselves do not know this; they consider themselves perfect, which is foolish of them. They even go so far as to think themselves superior to the Anglo-Saxon; this is incomprehensible. One feels they must be pretending

"They have their points," said George, "but their tobacco is a national sin. I'm going to bed"

We rose and, leaning over the low stone parapet, watched the dancing lights upon the soft, dark river

"It has been a pleasant Bummel, on the whole," said Harris, "I shall be glad to get back, and yet I am sorry it is over; if you can understand it

"What is a Bummel?" said George "How would you translate it?"

I thought a moment, listening to the endless voices of the waters hurrying onward

—he is given a piece of rope and told to go and hang himself

"A Bummel," I explained, "I should describe as a journey [illegible] or short, without an end, the only thing regulating it being the necessity of getting back within a given time to the point from which we started. Sometimes it is through busy streets, and sometimes through the fields and lanes,' sometimes we can be spared for only a few hours, and sometimes for a few days. But long or short, but here or there, our thoughts are ever on the running of the sand We nod and smile to many as we pass; with some we stop to talk a while; and with a few we walk a little way. We have been much interested and often a little tired. But on the whole, we have had a pleasant time, and are sorry when 'tis over."

(THE END)

Why Mlle. Chauvin Was Barred Out

MLLE. JEANNE CHAUVIN, who is a professor of law in a woman's college in Paris, has sent a special invitation to the Portias of this country to visit the Exposition. Mlle. Chauvin is slight, pretty and winsome In her plea before a famous Parisian Judge for admission to the bar she said: "I am a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of laws and a bachelor of literature."

The Judge replied: "I do not doubt your word in the least. You are indeed an encyclopedia in miniature, and we are all so afraid of you that I am sure it will be impossible to admit you to our ranks."

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The Quadrennial Furor

MUCH has been written and said about the disturbing influence of our Presidential elections, and the great advantage which would accrue to the business interests and the moral repose of the country from a constitutional amendment lengthening the official term of our Chief Executive to six, eight, or even ten years. Doubtless such a change in the elections, giving a longer period of quiet between them, would have its advantages; but that it would adequately lessen the worst evils of great popular excitement is not apparent to the intelligent and careful thinker. Probably the longer the Presidential term the higher would rise the flood-tide of agitation when the "campaign year" should arrive with all its apples of discord and all its elements of unscrupulous organization. The prizes of official life increase in seductiveness year by year, and the means for artificially exciting the public mind become better and better understood. What politicians call "the issues of the day" are no longer mere natural points of division for the stream of public sentiment and its attendant interests. These issues are "manufactured to order," and the politicians long beforehand begin "sparring for position" and "skirmishing for advantage," with a view to the greatest possible popular strain of passion; so that by the time the polls are reached by the voters there is a dangerous furor in the public mind.

This sort of thing is not to be regulated by constitutional amendments, nor can it be materially modified by any form of election law. Here, as everywhere else, reform must be reached through educating the masses. The individual voter, the citizen, must be liberated from the passion we call politics. This does not mean that party relations are to be broken, or even partisanship, in the best sense, destroyed; but it does mean that the voter must be trained to ignore the insidious stimulus of mere artificial excitement in politics. Not only is this election furor not necessary to a wise use of the elective franchise, but detrimental to it in the last degree. The voter who goes to the polls drunken with the passion of the campaign prejudice and partisanship does not imbue his ballot with the saving wisdom of patriotism; it counts for nothing but the gratification of a desire originated not in thoughtful study, but by a factitious "issue."

No republic is safe longer than it can count upon the calmest and wisest judgment of its enfranchised citizens. Freedom is not a condition; it is a quality. No matter how much "independence" we may have, or how liberal may be the form of our government, we are no freer than our character makes us. The man whose nature takes naturally to slavery cannot be free—he will vote chains upon his own limbs, he will bind his wife and children to servility by his vote. What our people need is to have their minds liberated from the influences which bring on the furor of politics. It is probably hopeless to attempt radical reformation of the office seeker until after the plain people have been convinced of the folly of campaign rabies. When the unambitious and patriotic voters shall show that they are not to be influenced by mere campaign wind and noise, and that their ballots are to be deposited calmly, thoughtfully, for a well-understood and perfectly formulated purpose, the politicians will be less and less stimulated to the use of artificial "issues" and stump statesmanship, and our quadrennial fury will be a thing of the past. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Why the Boss Can't Be Ousted

IN A CERTAIN corner of Michigan is a political boss who has caused the good people of [illegible] a sleepless night. He has done things that the [illegible] deem are outrageous. Some time ago they united to dethrone him. When their organization was complete they sent an emissary to the lieutenants of the boss saying the organization of good men would defeat the party at the polls if the boss was not dethroned. Would the lieutenants promise to dethrone him? The lieutenants promised, and the good ones went their way, happy in the belief that politics would run smoothly forever after, but when the time for the next Congressional convention rolled around the boss was found to be working for a candidate. His candidate won. The boss was still boss. The good ones reproached his lieutenants for failure to keep their promise. The lieutenants with one voice replied:

"We couldn't help it. He merely worked like the rest of us. We couldn't keep him from working, and since he had more influence than the rest of us, he won."

The lieutenants were right. Their only fault lay in making a bargain when they were unable to deliver the goods promised. They had agreed to dethrone the boss. They had no power to do so, since they did not elect him. Nobody elects bosses. They boss because they have the force of character which enables them to make other men do their will.

Men find it hard to realize this fact. "Why does Governor So-and-So have John Doe for his local boss? Why does not the Governor throw him over and choose another boss?" These questions are asked in every county and city in America. The persons asking them declare that John Doe's qualifications are very poor. They point out better men, more intelligent men and more brilliant men, who, they say, could serve the Governor better.

But the Governor did not make John Doe boss. Hence he cannot dethrone him and appoint a successor. The Governor looked around and saw that John Doe was the only man of his political faith who could control the party vote. Therefore the Governor made love to him and secured him for a lieutenant.

Suppose Governor So-and-So should listen to his advisers and say to John Doe, "You are dethroned," and to one of the better, more intellectual men whom the good ones point out, "I make you boss." John Doe would use the powers that made him a force for the Governor to turn men the other way. The newly appointed boss would find that the same lack which has heretofore made him politically inferior to John Doe will keep him inferior still. He cannot control the vote now any more than he could before his appointment.

This experience would teach the Governor that bosses are not created by appointment. They are chosen by natural selection. The only way to dethrone one is to find another person with greater ability to control men, and let him ingratiate himself into the hearts of the people until they will heed his dictates rather than those of the other boss. But the power to do this is conferred neither by election nor appointment. It is inherent in the man. Bosses are born, not made. —LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

There are some men who cannot tell the truth, and there are some women who declare that they never want to be married.

Fairy Stories

GRANDMOTHER GRUNDY is on her rounds again, crying up a fresh reform. She will have us to believe that the reading of Mother Goose and the Arabian Nights and Cinderella and Jack and the Bean Stalk is injurious to the minds of small people. The worthy old dame is curiously credulous as to the credulity of these little ones. She fears they will believe in fairies, and if they believe in fairies they will believe what is not true, and if they believe what is not true it will be to the peril of their souls.

Now, this belief of hers is a more narrowing and foolish, therefore injurious, belief to her supporters than that of the children is to themselves. They have recently come into this wonderful place, bringing with them faint memories of some other world that is bigger and brighter, and they like still to be told of that other where the flowers grow so large, where the houses are of ivory and silver, where fountains gush perfume in the gardens, where people eat nothing but ice cream and cake from golden dishes, where the birds speak, where dogs and cats are servants, where it never rains, where there are no nurses or governesses, where little girls are as lovely as angels, where all the boys are princes, bearing swords with which they slay dragons and monsters offhand, where nobody ever tears his clothes and no one has a stomach ache.

Not only are the children young: they represent the youth of the race. In them live the traditions which were poetry and romance in earlier centuries, which made knight errantry, created chivalry, fostered such literature and arts as the times afforded, which inspired to heroism, to purity and to honor. The chronicles of those early centuries that have come down to us reveal the child character of the people—the simple heart, the open mind, the quick and unchecked passions, the ready credence, the love for good, the scorn of baseness, the wholesome fondness for outdoor life, the admiration of beauty, and withal a stoutness and a heart, that seem to have passed out of our more correct and formal age. In furnishing ideals, in stimulating good impulses, in warming the spirit to enthusiasms, in founding in our human nature a place for poetry and imagery that have ever softened and chastened the deeds and thoughts of men, the stories so popular with our little ones do a service which the older, cruder myths did for our distant ancestors.

The objections of Grandmother Grundy are not well founded, because she confuses symbolism with fact. A truth is as plainly told under guise of a story as in the form of a dry and scientific statement. The child learns to abhor tyranny, harshness and greed quite as much when those passions are personified by Cinderella's sisters, by Blue Beard, or by various giants, witches and wizards, as he does when he learns of them from distant report in his Sunday school. Probably no single instance can be offered by Mrs. Grundy of tangible harm done to a boy or girl through the reading of fairy stories.

Fairy tales may appeal to a raw and youthful taste, which is soon outgrown; but, whatever is to be said against them, they do not make hypocrites and prigs. The child has a healthy realization of what it needs to limber its mind, to make it grow, to stock it with bright fancies against the needs of the colder, harder years to come, and when supplied with that it will refuse trash. The boy who has Robinson Crusoe will not read Sanford and Merton, and the girl is not going to waste any time over the Elsie books if she has Alice in Wonderland. And if they read books that are sound and kindly and honestly written, they will not care for the coarse stuff, the antithesis of mawkish literature, that is devoted to the exploits of criminals and desperadoes.

Young people require sugar in their reading, as in their food. They read for the joy of reading. The tender stomachs of their imaginations rebel at the harsh and sad, and they are nauseated by the milk and water of the Mary-Had-a-Little-Lamb school of writing. Frank, hearty, laughable nonsense, stirring adventure, fairy tales that create visions of beauty, stories of knights and ladies that embody ideals of nobility and gallantry, even verse, an artificial form to [illegible] young readers do not always take kindly, save when it jingles or has a narrative interest, are the proper and natural choice of young readers. Guide them, but do not force them. With advancing years they will outgrow their fondness for the wonderful impossible, and will be as far engrossed by the possible-wonderful. Let them have the joy of their childhood in the little time while they may, and make them moral by example rather than by precept—at least, such precepts as are found in books avowedly didactic. Keep ghost stories away from them, for they frighten and give pain, and their baneful influence may not be shaken off in a lifetime, but let them have their fill of merry inventions and fairy tales, for their effect is not only innocent but healthful. Never suppose that the child who delights in fairies is not master of his imagination, and will not emerge soon enough into the world of gray realities—the world ruled by Grandmother Grundy. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

In these modern days Cupid uses smokeless powder.

Reward for Equine Respectability

AMONG articles of incorporation recently placed on file in Brooklyn was that of the Equine Provident Society, the object of which is to "provide a shelter and ranch where horses who have served their masters faithfully can be taken care of in their declining years."

The new society seems to promise a somewhat novel charity, but, if well conducted, it will be no less beautiful on this account. What has a greater claim upon our gratitude than the horse? It promises, too, to furnish much food for thought—especially to horses. This is not to be an indiscriminate charity. Every horse would do well to note the clause, "who have served their masters faithfully." Running away with a master and precipitating him violently [illegible] a ditch, balking with a master on the public highway and bringing upon him ridicule and loss of time, kicking a master through the stable window—none of these can be called serving a master faithfully. It isn't even treating a master with common decency. Indeed, though it may be a selfish view, perhaps the best part of this new charity is the good effect it ought to have on horses when intelligence of it spreads generally among them; the most recalcitrant steed may well pause when he has his foot raised to smite his master as he realizes that it will disqualify him for admission to the Provident Society's Home. It will, without doubt, improve the average of behavior among horses. They will have something to look forward to and the feeling that faithful service will bring its reward. The spectacle of an aged horse coming to the Home carrying his "character" from his late master between his teeth will be highly edifying.

There is, however, another view to take of the matter. Is the horse a free agent? Is it not possible that the most vicious horse lives up to his "lights"? If this is so, it is unjust that he should be shut out from the benefits of the Home. This would seem to be a point which properly falls within the province of the trained theologian. Then, too, it seems no more than right that the master be taken into consideration. A horse would have to be a very equine angel to get along with some of them.

It is noticeable that mules do not appear to be included among the beneficiaries of the Home. Are there no good mules except dead ones? Perish the thought! Perhaps another and separate home for respectable aged mules will be established, of bomb-proof construction.

The respectable horse may now felicitate himself something as did the Irishman who observed of the steam shovel that, though it could do the work of fifty men, it couldn't vote. So of the automobile, though it may serve its master never so faithfully, in the end it goes to the scrap pile, while the conscientious horse passes a green old age in the Home of the Equine Provident Society. —HAYDEN CARRUTH.

At the English Capital

AMBASSADOR CHOATE tells a story of a visit at a country house among whose guests was the usual wag They were in friendly discussion upon the one inevitable subject, of course, when the wag suddenly blurted out "You know, Mr Choate, really I can't understand Americans A hundred years ago or so you chucked a cargo of tea into the ocean and your people fought us. Now we pick a cargo of flour out of the ocean and your people want to fight us Come, now, what in Heaven s name do you want us to do with foodstuffs?"

HECTOR MACDONALD'S REFUSAL OF THE V. C.

That sturdy fighter, Hector Macdonald, has taken up his command of the Highland Brigade in South Africa. Macdonald's career in the British Army has been a remarkable one. It is at no time easy for a man to make his way from the ranks to a commission in our army, but in days of comparative peace the task is ten times more difficult than it is to-day when so many officers are falling. Yet Hector Macdonald has gone forward with wonderful rapidity. He has been so fortunate as to be in the thick of almost every one of our little wars and never served without distinguishing himself. Every honor has fallen to him except the greatest of all. He has not been decorated with the Victoria Cross. But he could have had that crowning distinction had not his canny Scottish nature preferred the practical to the extrinsic. After a fight in India in which the Highlander showed to the best advantage, the General in command sent for him and said: "Macdonald, the only thing I'll say about your conduct to-day is that I ll recommend you for a commission or the V. C., whichever you please. Think it over and report to me." Macdonald thought it over. The V. C. meant a tiny Maltese cross marked "For Valor" and carried with it ten pounds a year, the whole constituting the highest honor that a British [illegible] officer or private, can attain. A commission meant the chance of pushing on in the profession. He took the commission, and the V C is out of his grasp forever.

The Boers had him in their power once, but let him go He was at Majuba Hill and was down, badly wounded, when, the fighting being over, a Boer private happened [illegible] and began to rifle Macdonald of his belongings. The [illegible] and blood in the wounded man caused him to summon all his strength and to deal the Boer a terrible blow with his fist, sending the burgher reeling yards away. When the Boer regained his wits and feet he grabbed his gun, but as he shot at Macdonald a Field Cornet struck up the gun, and the bullet whistled over the Highlander's head. If it should happen that Hector Macdonald comes out of this war with credit, there will be no position in the British Army that he may not reasonably hope to attain. He has no money except his salary.

THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE PRESS

Down in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral there is a large plate of beaten brass of stately design Upon the plate appear about one dozen names, but there is an ominously large space left blank for additions. This space will be materially lessened before the Transvaal War is over for the plate records the names of those war correspondents who fell in active service. It already bears some prominent names: Powers, who died with Gordon in Khartum, Cameron, of the Standard, shot in the desert march for the relief of Gordon, and Mr. H. Garrett, of the New York Herald, who died in Kitchener's Khartum campaign—his name has been, or is to be, added. I believe his is so far the only American name ordered to be graved upon the brass. Up to date, three English correspondents have fallen, two by bullets and one by fever. The Chronicle's man at Mafeking was accidentally shot. The Morning Post's correspondent in Ladysmith, Mr. Ferrard, was killed in the Boers' determined assault upon that unfortunate place, and best known of all correspondents, G. W. Steevens, of the Mail, has died of fever. Steevens was one of Editor Harry Cust's discoveries. When Mr. William Waldorf Astor bought the Pall Mall Gazette he appointed as editor Mr. Cust, a young Tory member of Parliament Now Cust did not know an M Quad from a steam roller. Unhampered by the least little bit of knowledge of the production of a newspaper he caused the most wonderful things to be done, and what is more, scored every time. London never before had seen so unconventional a paper, and the Pall Mall was soon in everybody's hands. The Editor spent money with both hands and got value for it, too, but so lavish was the expenditure that it is doubtful whether the sheet could ever have been made to pay. Cust gathered around him a set of young men, nearly every one of whom has made a name in the world, and among the most brilliant was poor Steevens, who has now died at the age of thirty years.

POULTNEY BIGELOW'S BRILLIANT SPEECH

An honor has fallen to Poultney Bigelow that he little dreams of. There was a meeting of the Whitefriars Club, the club that entertained Mark Twain not long ago when the humorist delivered his famous aphorism, "When in doubt, tell the truth," and the night was spent in an on your feet discussion of the stage. Grein, the dramatic critic and sometime manager of the Independent Theatre, was the guest of the evening and led off the oratory. He was followed by many distinguished lights—authors, journalists, actors and ordinary mortals. When the debate was at its height there were loud calls for Bigelow, but it was discovered that he had slipped away unobserved. When the evening came to an end it was necessary to decide who had made the best speech of the night. Without a dissenting voice the non speakers voted the honor to Poultney Bigelow.

PEPPERING THE WAR LORDS WITH MICHIGAN AIR-GUNS

As showing how the same alleged joke arises to a multitude of minds simultaneously this may serve. You may have heard that over here the War Office is coming in for bitter criticism owing to the supposed inferiority of our field guns as compared with the guns possessed by our friends, the enemy. The fact that our guns are field guns guns that you gallop over ditches and stone walls and things with, and that the Boer guns are guns of position, does not count for anything with the all knowing public. It so happens that just before Christmas a Michigan firm flooded this United Kingdom with a vicious little air gun that here costs under a dollar and which bids fair to cause the rising generation of Englishmen to be a one-eyed race. In one week, during the height of the condemnation of British artillery, more than one hundred and fifty of these guns were delivered by parcel post at the War Office, with all sorts of genial letters of advice to the War Lords. If the war continues, Michigan should do as well out of air-guns as Chicago is doing with her canned beef for the British soldier.

THE UNEMOTIONAL ENGLISHMAN RUFFLED

The Englishman is a long suffering, desperately unemotional, quiet man, even if I say it "as shouldn't." I was traveling in the underground the other morning, a few days after the grand assault on Ladysmith. A day or so before we had read the names of our long list of British killed and wounded in that affair There were three Englishmen in the compartment and their knees touched those of four Germans, who got in at Hammersmith. For a time the Germans conversed in their own tongue, but one of them, opening a newspaper, hit upon the Boer paragraph giving the burghers' casualties as four killed and fifteen wounded. Instantly he gleefully read out the news in English, and his three companions nodded the one to the other, saying "I told you so," a I passing uncomplimentary reflections on the British soldier as a fighter. Not a sign or word came from any one of the Englishmen. The talk went on, and really it was distressingly difficult to sit and hear it. Presently one of the Britishers put down his paper—he was an old man—and, speaking in a quiet voice, said "Gentlemen, you come of a valiant fighting stock. You [illegible] rmans, are you not?"

They admitted the fact with justifiable pride

"Don't you think, then, that you can afford to appreciate bravery and determination in others?"

One said he always did—when he found it

"But," said the elderly man, "the Boers *are* valiant."

"We were not referring on the bravery of the Boers," answered the spokesman

"Pardon me, you were Could you possibly have believed a more belittling thing of the Boers than to think that they would draw back from the assault of a town they desired to take because they had had *four* killed? Perhaps you thought you were belittling the fighting quality of our fellows, but—well, I'll say no more Excuse me for interrupting your conversation, gentlemen" He retired behind his paper

W. SARET

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The employers wonder why it is that their salaried underlings do not manifest an eagerness to work over hours and in other ways sacrifice themselves to show that the interest of employer and employed is one. There are several reasons. First, the interest of employer and employee in the majority of cases is *not* a unit, and the subordinate is made to feel this from the first day of his entrance into the establishment. Instead of being treated like a friendly assistant, worthy of the confidence of his employer, the clerk in the average big office learns that he is merely a paid automaton, hired to grind out the greatest possible amount of routine work a day of which he is capable and that he is judged not by individual ability, but by his quickness in converting himself into a well-oiled machine that can be run while it lasts without thought of human weariness and thrown aside as soon as it begins to slip cogs.

Another cause of failure on the part of the employed to work for the interest of the employer is the unwillingness shown by the masters to advance their help according to merit. Not one employer in fifty ever raises the salary of a clerk of his own accord, and if he does it at all it is usually only after the employee has found a better-paying position and announced his intention of leaving The clerk very naturally resents the injustice and the selfishness that refuses him the money that he knows his services are worth, and he broods and grows angry over the belief that it is the might of the employer that denies the right of the employed

Now just a word as to the remedy, for I trust employers are not above listening to an honest suggestion, since they are so free in offering them. Let the proprietors of our great industries take the time to make the acquaintance of their subordinates, not as between master and servant, but on a basis of equality as man to man, and I have not a doubt that employer, as well as the employed, will make some very startling discoveries. If there is an immense amount of brain stifling routine work to be done in an establishment, give each clerk whose duty it is to perform this work at least one hour a day of varied and more responsible employment, that he may feel [illegible] mill position into something where cultivated brai[illegible] service. If the office is connected with a manufactory, give the office force the opportunity three or four times a year of going through the works and studying the other end of the business. And I would suggest further that the shopmen also be granted the privilege of occasionally seeing how the office work is executed. I believe that a half-hour's talk once a week with his clerical force, even down to the office boys, confiding in them as far as is practicable his plans for furthering the interests of the concern and occasionally asking for a suggestion as to ways and means of accomplishing his object, would entirely revolutionize the spirit that now prevails in the average big office.

Furthermore, I believe there should be a regular scale of salaries, permitting of constant, if slight, increase at stated intervals, so that the employee will know that his services are not paid for according to the caprice or the stinginess of one man, but according to their actual worth to the company. Nothing brings out the best in an honest man's work so much as kindly appreciation.

To sum it all up in a nutshell, let the employer treat his men as if he expected each one of them to some day distinguish himself in his employ, and he will no longer have occasion to mourn the dearth of progressive young men. E. A. R.

[illegible]

The primary adjuncts to success in life are health, temperance, honesty and ambition. Perfect health makes a man equal to all emergencies. Temperance in all things helps a man to keep himself physically, intellectually and morally perfect.

Every man measures honesty according to his conscience What one man will deem dishonest another may consider honorable, because the elasticity of his scruples does not render him competent to appreciate probity in its nicer degree

I do not believe opportunity comes to a man. On the contrary, the man creates the opportunity and is the sole architect of his life. The boy that is born of humble parentage has an equal, if not a superior, chance with the rich man s son in this American country. The rich man s son, before he is out of his teens, is sent to college, where he acquires tastes and habits that often prove burdensome to him later in life. Care, self [illegible] and thought for the future are as foreign to him as it [illegible] well-fed house-cat basking in the summer sun with a full stomach. I believe the men who have made the most complete successes are self-made men

When I see a young man with a university education working behind a counter or mechanically filling a fifteen-dollar-a week position, I can safely conclude that he lacks one of the essential qualifications necessary to success. Of course he will say, and so will his friends, that he cannot get ahead because he lacks influence. This is a mistake, and no young man should throw his time away harboring the thought, for merit, properly exploited, invariably receives recognition. No live business man of to-day is filling his positions of trust with blockheads to oblige his friends.

Go carefully over the career of the self-made man. Witness cash boys who have risen to high places of trust, or the office boy who finally succeeds his employer, and you will learn that they had a faculty of making their employer feel their worth

Some young men fail because they are too diffident lack self-assurance. This fault can be charged to their modest ambition [illegible] I conclude it is better to be egotistical than to underestimate one's ability.

Some young men fail because they do not realize that it is not what a young man is, but what he makes himself. As the progress upward is as imperceptible as the growth of the sturdy oak, young men often become discouraged and give up the struggle, settle down and take things in a matter-of-fact way, when a few years more of hustling would bring them to the goal of their ambition. Many young men who do well in minor positions fail when they take a step higher because they lack executive a[illegible]

But patience is also a wonderful factor in a man's success—patience to wait for results. I have made it a practice to consider that the difference between what I receive in the way of salary and what I think I ought to get is so much capital stored up experience being the intrinsic coin in which I am paid. This is also very consoling to the underpaid young man, who, if not counting up this capital, would leave employment that promised advancement for something less certain of improvement.

Young men should bear in mind that it is during the early years of manhood that a reputation is built up, and that the young man who achieves distinction as a spendthrift and dissipater can never hope for a position of trust.

I would earnestly advise young men to read the lives of great men—and especially of self-made men—Lincoln, Garfield, Napoleon, Cæsar, John A. Stewart, and hundreds of others

Chicago, Illinois RALPH B. PECK

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March [illegible]

DURING this last week I have felt as though I were being [illegible] covers of a three volume novel, and that I was hero, heroine and Fate all in one. Some one has said that "Love is an egotism of two," but I would make that saying read in this present love affair, "Love is an egotism of three," for my part in this romance has been quite as important as Page's, or as Alain de Courcelles'. I have not only had to overcome the heroine's pride and plead the hero's cause, but I have enacted the fairy godmother to perfection. Robert says he is thankful that my attention has been diverted from the iniquities of the Republican party, for the time being at least, and that the Puerto Rican Bill has given place in my mind to the De Courcelles' *billet*.

SENATOR WETMORE TELLS MANY FUNNY STORIES

When we drove home from the Capitol the day that the bill passed the House, I was full of curiosity and anxiety to know what it was that Mr. Morelos had told Page and what it was that the newspaper which he had given her contained. We had scarcely reached home and Page had but just plunged into her reading when the footman brought me a packet which had come in my absence and which bore a foreign postmark and was in unfamiliar handwriting. While Page was absorbed, I tore open my packet and found inclosed a letter addressed to me, together with one bearing Page's name. They were both from Alain de Courcelles, and were of much import, as I soon found out. In mine was the grave announcement of his mother's death and also the announcement that he had inherited her private fortune. He then stated that, though such a bereavement was perhaps not the most fitting occasion upon which to follow the "affairs of the heart," he begged me nevertheless, as the person nearest to Page, and as the only one, in lieu of relations, whom he could approach, to make to her a formal proffer of his hand and to give to her the inclosed letter. He went on to say that he would be unable to return at once to the United States as he had to comply with certain formalities under the French law in the setting of his mother's affairs, but that he would come the first moment that he could be released, and meantime would I supplement his letter of pleading with special pleading of my own in his behalf.

I don't remember to have been as much excited over my own affair with Robert in years gone by as I was over this offer of marriage of Alain de Courcelles, but then Robert had not been a French Marquis, with a château in Brittany and a hôtel in Paris. He had been only an every-day sort of man, a dealer in hides and tan bark, and instead of a château and hôtel had been possessed of a large tannery solely. I looked across at Page. She had just finished her newspaper and also was folding up a letter. She handed them to me without saying anything, but her face was very white.

I glanced at them. The paper contained, just as I thought it would, the announcement of the death of the Marquise de Courcelles. The letter was more remarkable. It was from a notary in the little town in Brittany where she had died, and it was written before her death, as the date of it testified. In this letter the notary, in the most formal and polite manner, desired, in the name of the Marquise, information concerning the young American lady for whom it was alleged the Marquis de Courcelles had formed an attachment. In stilted fashion the full name and age of the young lady and date of commencement of this attachment were asked for, very much as though the coming of love were a matter of the seasons and could be reckoned by the date of the calendar. I ran over this letter hurriedly, then I handed my letter from Alain de Courcelles to Page and watched the alternate red and white color play over her face. At its close she sank down into a chair as though overcome and looked up at me appealingly.

"Well, Page," said I, "I am to act for him, and I make right here a formal offer of marriage to you, in his name. Will you accept?" And I smiled in pleased anticipation.

"Ah don' entirely understan' yet, Mrs. Slocum," she said in bewilderment.

"Page, here is his letter to you, and if I do not mistake, it will explain."

I handed to her the unfolded letter which came within mine, addressed to her, then I mercifully walked away while she read it with trembling fingers. After quite an interval I heard my name softly called. I went back to her where she still sat. She could not trust herself to speak, so I said:

"Was it satisfactory, Page?"

She nodded her head just as a child would have done and tears stood in her eyes. I was in great hopes that she would show me his letter, but she held it tightly in her fingers as though it were too precious. At last she said reproachfully:

"You've known about it all this time an' kept it from me. Ah don' see why you didn' tell me long ago."

And then at last I told her all that Alain de Courcelles had told me before he went away. I interrupted my recital every little while with the question:

"What will your answer be, Page?"

But she shook her head as though doubtful, and said:

"Ah mus' have time to think it all out."

We talked all the rest of the afternoon and into the deepening twilight and up to the dinner hour, and still Page would not commit herself fully. I knew that she loved Alain de Courcelles, but she would not say it in so many words. Just as we were about to separate to dress for dinner there came a messenger boy bringing a cablegram addressed to Page. She tore it open in an agitated manner, then held it out to me. It read:

"Cannot bear suspense of waiting for letter. Cable reply. Alain de Courcelles."

There was a moment or two of silence. Page had a terrified, half-desperate look on her face, and I stared at her in consternation. We were both in almost a panic. I said at last:

"You will have to send some sort of answer, and, Page, it might as well be the truth."

She seized the blank form of a cablegram and wrote without faltering:

"Yes. Page Mason."

The die was cast, and all the rest of that evening I was planning in my mind what sort of a wedding there should be and what amount of *dot* Robert and I should give this young girl. I ran over the brilliant weddings which Washington high life had witnessed during the winter, beginning with the Admiral of the Navy and including the daughter of the General of the Army and ending in the Pauncefote-Bromley nuptials. Well, St. John's Church should shelter yet another distinguished bridal party when Page should become Marquise de Courcelles. We decided that not one word should be spoken of the affair until Alain de Courcelles should have arrived in this country and the day had been appointed.

Meantime Lent is well along, and the season for prayer-books and piety, reflection and charity is in full swing, though, as some pessimistic man said, the only thing that keeps Lent persistently, nowadays, is the extra dollar which he had hoped to lay away for a rainy day. One part of society instituted a veritable Lenten penance, however, by giving some theatricals the other night, and Page and I agreed that not even the cleverness of Mr. Reginald de Koven in [illegible] could redeem the play sufficiently to make it other than a sacrificial offering of the season. The multitude of smart dinners which preceded the play, however, were charming, as was also the supper after the play given by the Secretary of State. At one of the dinners I was taken out by Senator P——, and he was most amusing and kept our end of the table in high good humor. Both he and Senator Wetmore told many good stories, though it seemed impossible at times to keep the conversation entirely off dangerous political topics, and again and again would the Puerto Rican matter crop up, for it is most evident that signals of distress are flying on the breeze, and it is enough to watch the face of any Republican when the question is discussed to know that some very lively backpedaling has got to be done if the party hopes to get down the hill in safety. I promised Robert that I would not start the topic myself, nor would I mention to any one the avalanche of letters that has come upon him from his constituents, all more or less threatening. I plainly see defeat ahead for the member from Spruce City, but to this Robert only smiles inscrutably and says:

Just wait a bit, Agatha; you don't suppose that a whole great party has deliberately gone wrong, do you? If a mistake has been made we are strong enough and wise enough to remedy it, and you must remember that Washington has said of public opinion that 'In a free and republican government we cannot restrain the voice of the multitude. Every man will speak as he thinks, or, more properly, without thinking, and consequently judge of effects without attending to their causes.'"

"That is all very well, Robert, but Bancroft says that 'The public is wiser than the wisest critic,'" I retorted.

SENATOR P—— SAYS GENERAL CORBIN HAS NOT CARED WHETHER HE WAS LIKED OR NOT

I shall be very much undone if Robert and I are destined to quarrel on politics, but I have heeded his request and have not brought up the Puerto Rican question, and at this dinner I turned the subject when some of the others at our end of the table got upon it. I seized with avidity upon the mention of the Senate inquiry into General Corbin's war record, and I found but one opinion, that the attack upon him is cowardly and unjust, and that his letter to Senator Davis is considered to be a fine example of straightforward manliness. Senator P—— says that General Corbin has not cared whether he was personally liked or not, and that his soldier's training has made him rather arbitrary and brusque and unwilling to conciliate even when he wished for promotion, and that that is about all there is behind the attack upon him. Just here the theme threatened to bark

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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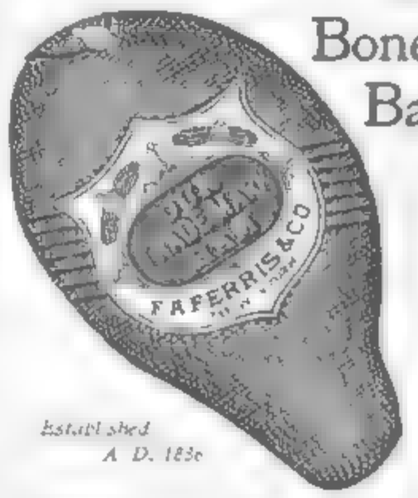

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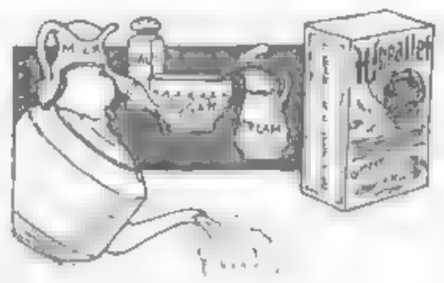

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back to the political situation, for it was but a step from General Corbin's letter to Senator Davis—to Senator Davis' proposition to amend the bill for Puerto Rico now in the Senate by substituting free trade for the fifteen per cent duty clause, but here Senator P—— and Robert both interposed with amusing stories which sent the conversational ball rolling briskly away from the danger point

Senator P—— spoke of the Lenten season, and then, apropos of it, told a funny story about the predicament the Senate was led into by Senator Voorhees one Ash Wednesday morning some years ago. There was a certain bill which threatened to come up in the Senate, and it was a piece of legislation that the Senator was most anxious to stave off As soon as the morning prayer was over the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" suddenly remembered that it was Ash Wednesday. So he arose to his feet and, with a gravity and solemnity that would have done credit to the blind chaplain himself, said

"I wish to call the attention of the Senate to the day. This is Ash Wednesday, and the rest of this week is holy week, with Holy Thursday and Good Friday succeeding each other as days of prayer, and I move that, in deference to this solemn season, the Senate shall adjourn until Tuesday after Easter Monday."

The Senate was taken so unawares and was so amazed, and there were so few Senators present, that before anybody realized what had been done the motion had been carried, and the Senate woke up to find that it had adjourned for six weeks. Senator P—— and Senator Wetmore and Robert led the laugh, and then some one asked

"But what did they do? Did they stay adjourned for six weeks?"

"Oh, no," replied Senator P——. "They got together the Tuesday after the Senate had been declared adjourned, and corrected the journal and amended it, so that the adjournment appeared to have been made to that day"

From this story the talk suddenly became all about the relative merits of baked beans. It is rather a far cry from Senator Voorhees to baked beans, and some of us at the table were considerably mystified as to what bearing such an edible had upon things in general, but it soon became evident that the Senate restaurant has become famous for hot baked beans served on Sunday morning to various grave and reverend seigniors, and that the bean-pot comes up fresh from the pit of earth under the Capitol, where it has reposed since Saturday covered over with red-hot coals, and its contents disappear like chaff before the wind. I asked

"Who attend these bean-feasts, Senator P——?"

"Oh, we all take a turn at it. Frye and Littlefield both are to be seen there at times, and Senators Proctor and Cullom sometimes come in, and I often go, of course. I can testify that no other beans taste as these do; perhaps it is the effort of getting there on Sunday morning that makes them so savory, for it is a clear case of 'seeking sauce by labor,' as Horace would say. By the way, does any one know whether Cullom has got away yet?"

And here the talk turned to Senator Cullom and the fight he has on his hands for reelection and the war of extermination which Mr. Tanner is waging against him in Illinois, and, in connection with it, of course, the Hawaiian Bill was talked of

I was in the Senate the day that Mr Cullom made his pathetic plea for a cessation of debate over the Hawaiian Bill in order that he might get away to attend to Mr Tanner out in Illinois. The Senate is noted for the tremendous talk-box it keeps on hand, and it only has to turn the crank to let loose a flow of eloquence that can go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. So when the eloquence on the Hawaiian Bill was about a week old and with no sign of cessation, Senator Cullom arose from his seat and said in a despairing tone, which went home to the heart of every listener

"Gentlemen of the Senate there is a matter of importance pressing upon me which I cannot specify on the floor of the Senate, but when I assure you that I am anxious to get away from here and that I cannot go until the Hawaiian Bill is out of the way, you will understand just what I mean, I hope"

This produced an instantaneous effect and forthwith the fountain of eloquence ceased for every man perfectly understood that Senator Cullom had the fight of his life on his hands, and the Hawaiian Bill minus the amendment to pay Liliuokalani for her interest in the crown lands of Hawaii, passed without division

I was much interested in this bill from the beginning, for I knew that it promised unlimited amusement from the time that the clerk should read out the ex-queen's name down to the final disposition of the matter I had not forgotten his wonderful performance when he had wrestled with the bones in the royal Hawaiian mausoleum, so I lent my most attentive ear, and I was fully rewarded. He rolled out her name in this bloodthirsty style, "Lily-Kill-Annie," and the listener was left with the horrible suspicion that this poor, homeless ex-queen must be possessed of some homicidal mania

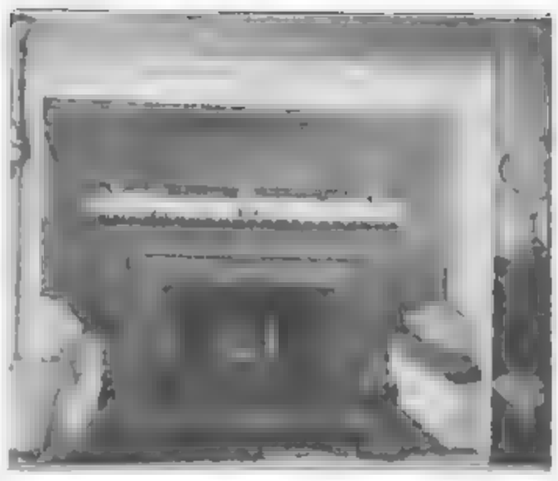
SENATOR DAVIS WHO PROPOSES TO SUBSTITUTE FREE TRADE

Senator P—— says that he remembers when Liliuokalani made a royal tour through this country during the lifetime of the reigning king, Kalakaua, and that the Government and society received them with all the deference due to their rank as royalties. At that time Mr. Carter was the Hawaiian Minister accredited here, and he gave a brilliant entertainment to which all the officials, together with the most exclusive of the smart set of that day, were bidden, and the princess created a most favorable impression. They were dignified and seemed possessed of that nameless sort of majesty which belongs even to savages, if they hold imperial station

This description of Senator P——'s illustrates impressively the grimness of human mutability, or, to put it in the language of another

"All our life goeth like Penelope's web, and what one hour effects, another destroys."

I had a glimpse of this famous ex queen the other day, and any one who mistakes her for an ordinary negress must be lacking in all discrimination. To be sure, even in the days of her royalty and youth, one could scarcely have applied to her that line from Tennyson, "Queen lily and rose in one," but she possesses dignity to an unusual degree, and in her plain, well cut black satin gown, in which she is usually attired, she is no insignificant figure. Mrs. Dominis lives quietly here in Washington on Fifteenth Street. She is usually attended by her secretary, Mr. Joseph Heleluhe, and sometimes even by her nephew, Prince David, when he is in this country. When the ex-queen walks upon the street she is attended by a good looking young Hawaiian girl who is well dressed and who follows usually a pace or two behind her, and in turn this pair is attended by a trim-looking white maid servant who carries the wraps and the purse, and walks well behind both mistress and maid. The ex-queen remains here in the hope that the Government will pension her, or make her some small *douceur* in compensation for her dethronement, but in view of the fact that the amendment looking to her relief was laid on the table the other day amid profound silence and indifference, and in spite of Mr. Hoar's amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Bill for the amelioration of her condition, I am afraid that Liliuokalani has made her last appearance as queen of the Hawaiian Islands before the Senate of the United States.



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Tales Told by Handwriting

By Wm. J. Kinsley

THE stories of many cases in the solving of which handwriting has played a prominent part read like romances.

A few years ago a committee from a church brought to the office of the writer several letters written and mailed on different dates from various cities calling the pastor of their church to fields of greater usefulness—at larger salaries—each letter offering a few hundred dollars more than the preceding one. Upon the receipt of each call, a committee meeting was held and the pastor's salary raised to meet the offer of the call. The fourth call within a year caused the committee to decide that they had reached their limit—and also aroused suspicion. When the documents were brought to the writer's office two questions were asked: first, are, or are not, the four letters in one handwriting, and second, are they in the handwriting of the person who wrote the standards (afterward admitted to be the pastor)? It was decided that all four "calls" were written by the same person—and he the pastor. It was decided to let him take the last call

"Billy" Woodward, alias "Big Hawley," the prince of gamblers and blackmailers, who boasted on the witness stand that he was "thirty-seven years old and had been arrested thirty seven times, but never convicted once," was convicted that time—the thirty eighth—and by his handwriting. This conviction was for blackmail in endeavoring to frighten a wealthy and honorable gentleman into paying $100,000. Woodward always "played for large stakes," as he expressed it. He admitted that in three months he cheated his victims of over $1,000,000. Arrested time and time again, he wriggled out of the clutches of the law by various means—once on an alibi, proving that he was in jail in one town on the day he was charged with a robbery in another city.

The two Davis Will Cases, involving respectively $13,000,000 and $2,000,000, and the Tighe Will Case, involving $1,500,000, are some of the recent instances in which the expert in handwriting has been in the foreground.

A TALE THAT BEGGARS BELIEF

Several years ago the New York courts brought to light a story which equaled in interest the tales of Dumas, Scott or Stevenson. A Boston newspaper writer and art critic of prominence and family, owing to the alleged discovery that he was using his paper to "bull" and "bear" the stocks in which he himself was speculating at the same time, left Boston in 1854. He took with him $70,000, which another man claimed, and quietly established himself in New York.

By investment and speculation this snug fortune grew to a million or more. Yet no one in New York knew that the "Miser," as he was called, possessed enough to buy even the cheapest Bowery meal. He would hang around restaurants and eat scraps and leavings. Clothes he never bought and was always clad in filthy rags. His one absorbing passion was music, and it was the one thing for which he would spend money. He would beg admission and try to induce well dressed auditors to pay his way in, but if these schemes failed, as a last resort, he would pay for the cheapest seat in the house.

One cold day in the middle of December, 1885, the "Miser" was run over by a cab. When he was taken to the hospital it was found that he had no underwear, no shirt, no vest—only the ragged coat that he had worn for twenty years. He begged to be taken "home"—and such a home—a squalid garret. Here he died a few days later.

A lawyer produced an old power of attorney given him by the "Miser." It was a document which gave absolute power to the attorney. This attorney claimed that the deceased had promised to leave all of his property to his "dearest friend"—naming the lawyer. He had witnesses to prove this; claimed that the old miser's trunk had been rifled and a will leaving the property to him (the lawyer) stolen.

A friend of the deceased remembered that the "Miser" had left a bundle of papers, tied up in a large red bandana handkerchief, in his care nearly twenty years before. The package was taken from the safe, opened and found to contain nearly $400,000. The Metropolitan Bank informed the authorities that it held $40,000 more in the same name which had been idle for nearly twenty years. A large amount in ready cash was found in the hair-covered trunk in the attic. It is not too much to suppose that he was worth from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 when he died.

Upon this discovery the lawyer redoubled his efforts, and the power of attorney was mainly relied on to prove his contentions. An expert examination of the document brought to light that several lines had been added to it after it had been signed, and these added lines made it unlimited instead of limited as it read originally. The handwriting and ink in the added lines were different from the originals and in some places the added writing overlapped the signature—thus proving that this writing was made after the signature. The expert proof was so clear that the claimant lost his case and the property went to the heirs.

A DUMMY BANK AND A VISIONARY CORONER

In another case, certified checks were shown to have been written and certified by one penman, although there purported to be four different handwritings on them. A bogus bank was opened and the first few checks went through the clearing house all right and were promptly paid. When confidence had been established the city was flooded with fraudulent checks which, when presented at the "bank," were found to be forgeries and the bank a dummy.

The case of a coroner in a large city was a unique if not gruesome one. The coroners were paid a certain sum for each inquest held, and in one month the coroner presented bills for one hundred and fifty inquisitions, about ten of them genuine and one hundred and forty bearing forged signatures of jurors and witnesses. Some of the jurors purported to live on streets not in the city, and others at numbers higher than the streets extended.

Forgeries on the nominating petitions of candidates for political offices are of frequent occurrence.

OUR IGNORANCE OF OUR OWN HANDWRITING

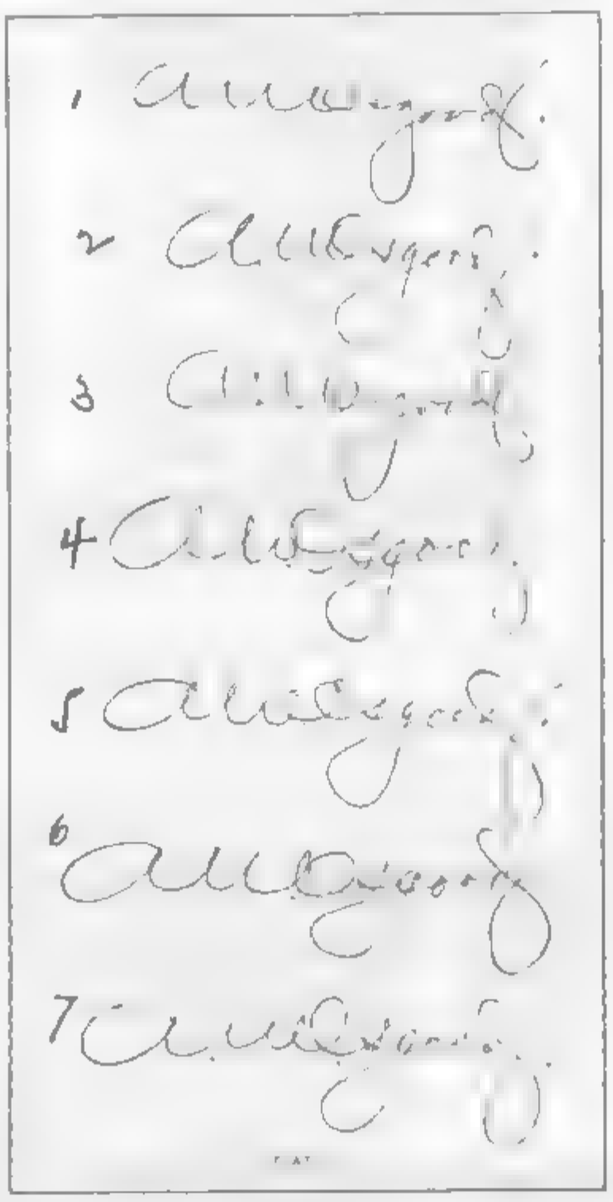
Occasionally we see in public prints that certain forgeries are so skillfully executed that even the owner of the name cannot tell whether his signature is forged or genuine. This is considered by some as indicating extraordinary skill on the part of the forger, and also that an expert's opinion in such a case must be of no value, since the owner of the name doesn't know his own handwriting. But there is nothing unusual about either the skill displayed or the occurrence. Writers themselves are usually unacquainted with those tell tale minor characteristics which form the basis of an expert's opinion.

The writer was a witness in a case some two years ago in which some bankers and others were testifying as experts on the other side. As they claimed to be able to identify, offhand, the signatures of the plaintiff, the writer had the plaintiff write his own name several times, leaving spaces between. In these spaces the writer forged the plaintiff's name. In less than ten minutes the attorney asked the plaintiff which were his and which were forged—so that the opposing experts might be properly cross-examined—and the plaintiff, who but a few minutes before had watched the writer forge his name, was unable to pick out his own signatures, with the ink on them scarcely dry.

So much for knowing one's own handwriting.

THE CRAZE FOR THE ANONYMOUS LETTER

People who, to cast blame on some one else, or to arouse sympathy, write anonymous and threatening letters to themselves, furnish a peculiar study for the psychologist as well as the handwriting expert. Such cases are by no means uncommon. I recall the circumstance of a young woman customer of a large Western store who brought to the proprietors of the store anonymous letters she had received, charging her with being in love with the manager of the store. The clerks, manager and proprietors received similar anonymous letters—all apparently in different handwritings. An examination of the handwriting of every one connected with the store exonerated them all. At last the handwriting of the young woman in question was examined, and it was found that she herself had written all four (apparently) different handwritings, including the letters to herself. It was found that she was in love with the manager, that he didn't know it, and that in her desperation to win him and attract his attention she took this means of arousing his sympathy.



A TEST OF EXPERT SKILL

Plate 1 serves to illustrate two things: first, a court room test to trip the expert, and, second, to show how even a skillful forger overlooks some marked characteristics. This particular case is selected because of its simplicity, as even a layman can see the differences without study. During cross-examination of the writer by a New York attorney (one of the most skillful offhand simulators of signatures in the country), these seven signatures written in lead pencil were handed to the writer and he was asked to pick out the genuine from the forged. The witness asked the court for an hour's time to study them, and this was allowed. In fifteen minutes, however, he picked out numbers one and three as the genuine and the five others as forged. This was right. The defendant, following this decision, pleaded guilty.

No one can write his name twice exactly alike—that is, so that when one signature is placed over another and the two held up to the light that but one signature appears. When two signatures are found that exactly superimpose it may be accepted as a fact that at least one of them is a forgery. In all handwriting there is a normal, healthful variation.

Tracings are made in various ways: by holding the sheet of paper between the light

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by William J. Kinsley, the first of which appeared in the Post of March 17.

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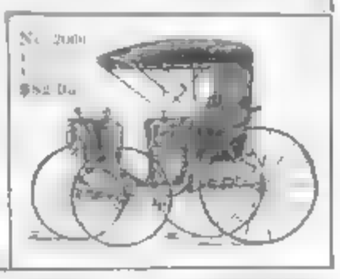

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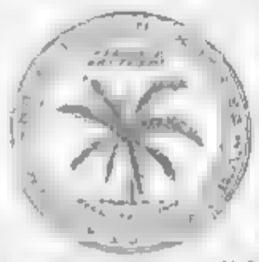

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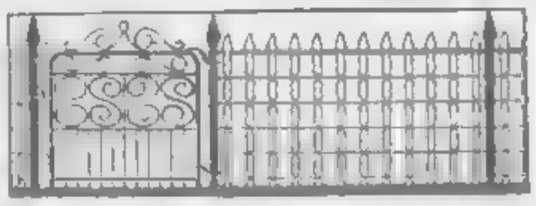

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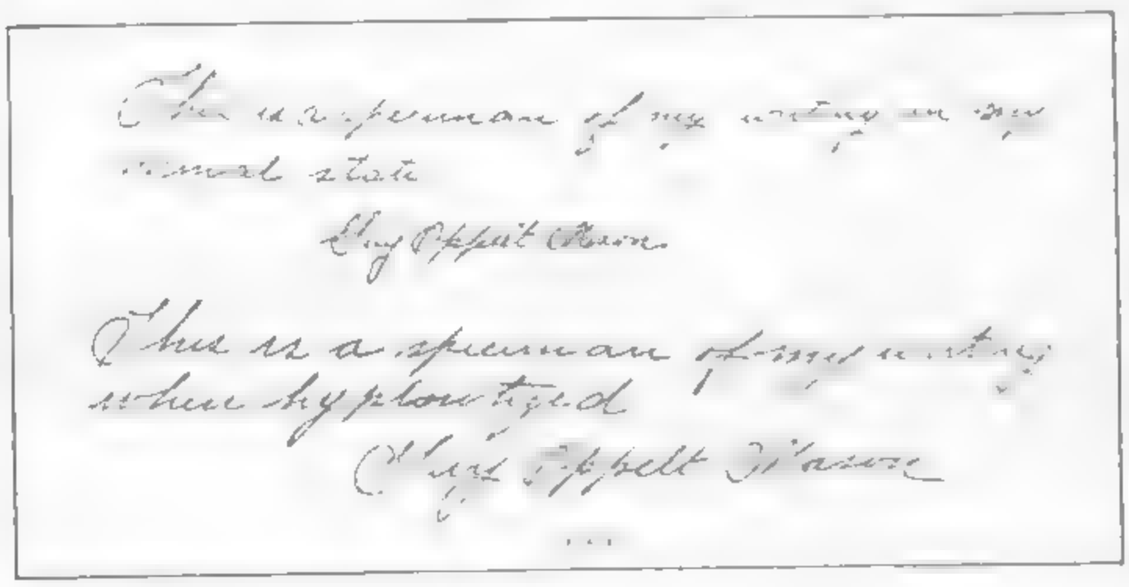
and the eye with copy to be traced beneath or by making copy on tracing cloth or paper and transferring it in lead pencil and then inking it over. Photographic reproductions are sometimes made. Traced writings usually show in the quality of the lines that they are not genuine. The lines look too formal, halting, hesitating—lacking the life of genuine, offhand, cursive writing.

The question of "guided" hand occasionally arises. This term is applied to writing when the writer's hand has been guided by the hand of another. This is done frequently when the writer is ill, and as the person assisting very often injects his or her characteristics into the handwriting of the signer it raises a dispute as to whether or not the signature was the voluntary act of the signer.

A difficult thing to imitate is the tremulousness of old age—and in several important cases forgers have been unmasked by attempting it. A strong, controlled hand simulating weakness and uncontrol is certain to betray its strength at some point and almost certain to overdo the tremor at others.

That handwriting, when once thoroughly learned, and beyond the period when thought is given to the mechanical part, is entirely unconscious reflex action there can be no doubt. [illegible] writing this article he


The handwriting of my writing in my normal state
My Offhand Manner
This is a specimen of my writing when hypnotized
Chas. Hybert Hearne

writer has found his mind at times intent on other subjects—yet his pen has been flying over the paper at the rate of thirty five words a minute.

The question has arisen whether or not a hypnotized person would retain his characteristic handwriting. Checks, notes, deeds and various documents have been signed in apparently natural handwriting of individuals who afterward claimed that they were in a hypnotic state at the time they signed them. On the other hand, it was contended that if these individuals were in other than their normal state their writing would be totally different. The writer investigated the subject, but could find no records of any tests.

The two specimens shown in Plate [illegible] were written by a young man twenty years of age—one in his normal state, the other in a hypnotic state—in a test made by the writer in 1898. It will be noticed that the characteristic misspelling of the word "specimen" is also the same, and that the two samples of writing are characteristically the same. This is further proof that handwriting is unconscious reflex action.

■

DETECTING RAISED DRAFTS AND CHECKS

The ink used in the handwriting often forms a decisive part in disputed writing cases. Crossed or superimposed ink lines have settled many a case. Where it is claimed that all writings on a document were put there at one time, and it can be shown that some lines, which, in order of writing, should have been put on the paper first, were in reality put on after others, of course fraud is evident. And if the document purports to be all written in one ink and two or more are found, this, too, is an indication of fraud.

The writer had an interesting case a few years ago where a few words were added to a check after it had been canceled and returned from the bank. It was important to know whether or not these words were on the check when it was given to the payee. The check had been canceled by punching out of the paper the word "Paid." To give the appearance of genuineness to the added words they were run so close to holes made by the punch as to run into the holes. This is where the forger made his mistake. An examination under the microscope showed that the edges of paper—the wall of the punch holes—where ink lines overran, in the disputed writing, were smeared with ink, and there was even a little ink around the punch holes on the back of the check. Where the punch had run through the dry ink lines in the original writing no such phenomena existed.

■

TRICKS OF CRIMINAL PENMEN

A common trick is to "raise" or alter documents by chemical erasures, additions and alterations. It is an easy matter to change nine to nineteen hundred, or nine thousand or nineteen thousand, and it is frequently done. The Nevada Bank case, where a twelve-dollar draft was altered to read twenty two thousand dollars, is one of the most recent successful raisings. Another scheme is the erasing, by means of chemicals, of the body of a document—a receipt or short letter—leaving the signature unaltered, and writing a note or obligation over the genuine signature.

The handwriting expert must be an ink expert as well, and must equip himself with the necessary chemicals. He must know the constituents of the many kinds of ink, how erasing fluids and reagents act on them, and know how to restore faded and erased ink [illegible]. Comparatively little is known of the chemistry of ink—even by ink laboratory chemists—and there is much charlatan posing by many so called "ink experts." There is no ink made that is a safety ink—that is, that will withstand the action of chemicals and water. The various "protectors" in shape of special papers, etc., have been found too expensive and cumbersome, and, after all, do not protect.

The paper used in disputed documents often furnishes a clue to a forgery. The water mark, the ruling, the fibre, all have to be examined, and the expert is expected to be able to do this. The microscope is of great service in examining handwriting ink and paper. Simulated tremulousness, patched and [illegible] erwritten lines, the serrations of an ink line, the fibre of the paper and the nerve tremor can all be studied best under the microscope.

[illegible] is sometimes confounded with the work of the handwriting expert. The graphologist pretends to read in the handwriting the character of the writer; the handwriting expert reads the characteristics of the handwriting. The graphologist claims to read character only in undisguised writing—some of them even going so far as to say that it is unfair to submit to them even an undisguised specimen which was written for that special purpose. The handwriting expert has to compare disguised with undisguised writing and identify the writer. The graphologist is unable to identify the writer of a document where the writing is forged.

In this, as in other professions, a notoriety seeking, newspaper puffed charlatan can do more damage to the calling in a year than many honest and skilled men can repair in a lifetime. And the profession of expert handwriting has attracted to it charlatans who would disgrace and bring odium on any calling.

The writer believes the remedy for this evil and all others is to have official court experts.

When the days of official experts are here we can look for greater confidence in opinions expressed, and the wider use of the identification of the individual by his handwriting. And in that day life and property will be safer.

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Sixteenth Chapter

AS SOON as they had drifted some little distance from the Serapis, O'Neill arose, threw off the boat cloak and stepped aft to the stern-sheets, where Elizabeth sat motionless, holding the tiller. He knelt down before her

"Elizabeth, dearest, we have actually escaped!" he said softly, stooping toward her. "I did not think it possible." Elizabeth released the tiller, took his head in her hands and kissed him in happy exultation.

"Free! Free!" she murmured, "and together—my own, my own!"

"Yes, yes, and with you!" he whispered, giving back kiss for kiss and stretching out his hands toward her. There was a little pause broken by a rough voice, which the owner had evidently tried to render more gentle. In a hoarse whisper the man at the oars asked: "W'ere are ye a headin' of the boat, Yer Leddyship?"

"I know not," she answered wildly, seizing the tiller again, "only away from that awful ship."

"Who is this man at the oars?" asked O'Neill, sitting down by Elizabeth, and taking the tiller from her nervous hands.

"Well, Yer Honor," said a low, deep voice with a smothered laugh in it, "my name ashore w'ere I was left by Cap'n Jones t'other night to look arter you, mought be Smith, or Brown, or anything else, but yere in this boat it's Price—William P. Price."

"Price!" exclaimed O'Neill in great surprise. "How did you find him, dearest?"

"I found her, please Yer Honor," replied the man. "I seed Her Leddyship a-comin' down to the beach, an' I ups an' captures a small boat from the English, which the man'll be awful disapp'inted like w'en he don't find her to morrow, an' then I ups an' offers to take her, an' I tells her I knows you an' we fixed it up, an' here y'are!"

They were not yet so far from the Serapis, even by this time, but that the quick ear of the girl detected the confusion on her decks; heard the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mates, the sharp commands of the officers, the trampling of many feet. She clutched her lover nervously, all alert at the thought of further danger to him.

"Oh," she whispered, "they are doing something on the ship. Our escape is discovered; they will come after us."

"Not with the whole ship," he answered smiling.

"I think they're gittin' under way, sir," observed the old seaman. "Listen to the clankin' o' the pawls, Yer Honor."

You are right. It cannot be after us, though. A cutter or two would suffice for that."

"It it be fur the Richard an' the rest of 'em. Our vessel ought to be a-comin' up from Flamburry putty soon, now. But if I mought make so bold, w'ere are ye headin' fur now, sir?"

"We head for the Richard, of course," said the young man promptly.

"That's w'ere we b'long," said the sailor joyfully. "I don't want no fightin' goin' on an' I ain't there."

"Nor I," replied O'Neill. "I would put you ashore, Elizabeth, before we go, but ——"

"'Whither thou goest, I will go, . . . thy people shall be my people,'" she quoted softly.

"Oh, to be worthy of it all, to be worthy!" he answered.

William grinned sympathetically, wiped his mouth wistfully with the back of his hand and tried to look away. Presently, unshipping the oars, the two men stepped the mast and hoisted the small sail. The little boat under the freshening breeze began to draw through the water rapidly. In order to win out of the mouth of the harbor they would have to pass in a direction which would bring them once more near the moving Serapis. They could hardly hope to escape discovery. They had, of course, gained a good start on the frigate, but as her great height enabled her to catch the freshening breeze blowing over the hills, which was lost to the smaller craft, she literally rushed down upon them.

A noble picture she made to those in the boat. Ghostlike and eerie in the pale moonlight shining fitfully through the overcast heavens, the great white ship towered above them, her soaring masts covered with clouds of snowy canvas stretching far out on either side on the spreading yardarms. Her sails swept the skies, her keel ploughed the deeps, the wind sang in the top-hamper; the white water, shot with sparks, piled up in front of her, bubbled and played around her forefoot, and rolled away on either side in broad sheets of foamy phosphorescence. The yellow lights of the battle-lanterns streamed through her open ports, a drum was grimly rolling the call to battle on her decks. Dark forms passed to and fro; men leaped hither and thither in casting loose the double row of great black guns; sometimes a vivid flash in the moonlight proclaimed a drawn sword. Presently the cries and orders died away, the men settled down at their stations, silently the huge fabric, a splendid example of that power which for twice two hundred years had ruled the seas, swept toward them. O'Neill watched her with generous admiration.

"A fit antagonist even for our great Captain," he cried, all his enthusiasm aroused by the ship. "And nobly handled," he added. "Mark the discipline; see the order."

"Ay, sir, that'll be a hard one to take, but we'll take her, never fear," said the old seaman, sharing his officer's ungrudging approbation of their gallant foe.

As they drew toward the mouth of the harbor the wind came stronger. The little boat fairly roared through the white-capped waves. She heeled over until the water trickled in on the lee side, but O'Neill resolutely and skillfully held her up to it. He could not afford to lose an inch of distance to leeward, for the water shallowed rapidly in that direction, and abounded in rocks as well. The Serapis was alongside now—they had not yet been observed. The attention of the men on the frigate was fixed upon the approaching ships to the southeast, now plainly visible. O'Neill fairly held his breath as he congratulated himself that they were to be passed by unnoticed. Suddenly a sharp cry rang out just as the Serapis drew ahead.

"Sail ho! Boat ahoy there!" For a moment the small boat lay right in the path of light cast by the brilliantly illuminated stern ports of the frigate.

"'Tis the prisoner! He that escaped!" shouted a powerful voice.

"Sentry, give him a shot from your piece!" cried Captain Pearson himself, springing on the rail and leaning over toward them. Old Price shook his fist at the frigate in stout defiance. The sharp crack of a musket rang out in the air. The bullet seemed to have struck something forward in the boat. A shudder swept through the little craft, a hoarse cry quivered through the night, there was a splash, the boat struck something, and that something, whatever it was, rasped along her keel as she drove ahead.

"Clear away the second cutter," cried another voice on the frigate.

"Keep all fast," shouted Pearson; "we have bigger game to-night," and then he hollowed his hand and cried out as the Serapis drew rapidly away: "We'll take care of you, sir, in the morning, when we return!" A few more musket shots were fired at them from different parts of the ship. One bullet tore through the sail and whistled by the ear of the young Lieutenant, but did no harm.

"We are saved again," cried Elizabeth.

"But not without a cost," said the young man solemnly.

"What mean you? Are you hurt?" she cried.

"Price!" called O'Neill softly, though he knew it was useless.

There was no answer.

"It was he," added O'Neill gravely; "he was hit by the first shot and went overboard. Did you not feel him strike the keel?"

He helped us—both of us—in time of need—our way to liberty and happiness seems to be over the bodies of those who love us," she cried piteously.

"So it has ever been in the world: a thousand deaths to make one life, a thousand griefs to make one joy," he answered, laying his hand tenderly upon her head.

"But, come what may," she added, looking up resolutely with all the selfishness of love, "I have you at last, and we are together again."

"Aye, let us pray it may be forever, sweet heart."

They were out of the harbor now, and the Serapis was stretching along to the northeast to gain an offing, with the Scarborough some distance ahead of her and to leeward. The lighter draft of the small boat permitted O'Neill to head her directly for the coming American ships, whose lights, and the ships themselves, were now plainly visible in the moonlight.

Seventeenth Chapter

"THE battle which will take place to-night, yonder, decides my fate," said O'Neill. I hope to Heaven I may arrive in time to take my part in it. The Richard is fearfully short of officers at best; Landais, who has the Alliance, is crazy and a coward, Cottineau, in the Pallas, is an unknown quantity, and the rest have fled. Jones has only Richard Dale and a lot of midshipmen with him upon whom he can absolutely depend, and there are over two hundred prisoners in the hold. He needs me. If this breeze holds on I think we may intercept the Richard before the battle begins. Pray, dearest, as never before, for the success of our arms. It means life, and you, for me."

"It means life for me as well," Elizabeth answered, nestling against O'Neill and nerving herself up to the inevitable confession. How he would take it she did not know, or rather she would not permit herself to guess. She was conscious only of an impelling necessity to tell him the whole story, though she had deliberately waited until she believed he could do nothing.

"Ah, yes, 'tis sweet of you to say so, but not the same. Me they will hang, but not you," he answered fondly.

"Yes, they will," she replied. "I—I—I must confess it to you before we go further. It weighs upon me. I also am guilty."

"Guilty! You! Of what, pray? Of loving me too much?" he queried, laughing in pure lightness of heart.

"No, not that," she answered, "but that—that order—your reprieve. It was—the Admiral did not sign it," she added desperately.

The murder was out.

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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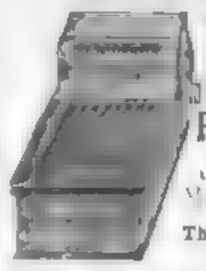
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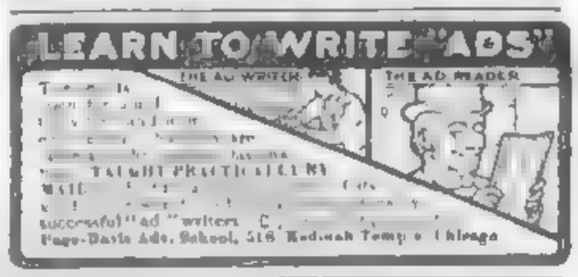

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"And who did, then?" he said, still unsuspicious of her meaning.

"I did it myself," she answered with averted head.

"It is not possible!" he exclaimed, withdrawing from her a little in his astonishment.

"'Twas for you—for you I did it—reproach me not; nay, you shall not!" she cried, on fire to defend herself and her love, now the secret was out. "Captain Jones said six hours' delay and you were saved. There was no other way. I begged, implored, entreated the Admiral—he left me—went away—I saw the man fixing that block—the ropes—I ran to him to make one more appeal, and he was not there. On his desk was an order giving me permission to see you, which he had intended to give me, and had refused at the last moment and left unsigned. His watch was there and his seal. I added the rest and signed it myself—do not shrink from me!" she pleaded with changed mood again. "Your anger—your disapproval—kills me. Is there no excuse that you can find for me?" Her appeal was so tender, her affection so apparent, that she was her own justification.

"No man would have done it," he said, wavering.

"But every woman would," she replied promptly, pressing her advantage. "Why are you silent—your precious honor is safe, and as for mine——"

"'Twas nobly done," he answered at last, in complete surrender. "There is not a woman in the world but would honor you for it; not a man who would not love you. You have done that which I could not, and for me! My heart before, and now my life is yours, my heart's dearest!"

"I knew you would not like it," she answered, "but there was no other way. I confess I was terrified when Edward——"

"Good Heavens!" cried O'Neill, "he saw the order?"

"Yes," said the girl, cowering before him again. In truth, this phase of the transaction had actually escaped her memory.

"Captain Pearson accepted it without questioning him?" he queried. She would have given all the world to lie to him, but even in the darkness she could not be further untrue, in his very presence, though now in a flash she saw it all.

"He—he doubted it," she whispered hesitatingly. "He handed the paper to Edward and asked him if it—it was all right."

"And Coventry?"

"He took it and looked at it, looked at me—I had forgotten him, I must confess," she went on brokenly, "and then he handed it back to Captain Pearson, and—and said it was correct—the signature, I mean."

"He knew, think you?" asked her lover with deadly calmness.

"Yes, he knew," she faltered.

"And the sentry—our unheeded escape?"

"Edward took his place; I might as well tell you all now," continued the girl desperately.

"Ah!" he said coldly and sternly; "and do you know, Lady Elizabeth, what the penalty is for such acts as his?"

"No," she replied in alarm; "I never thought. They will not harm him. He is the son of the Admiral—what is it?"

"They will shoot him, or hang him like a dog to the very yardarm prepared for me!" he answered with stern emphasis.

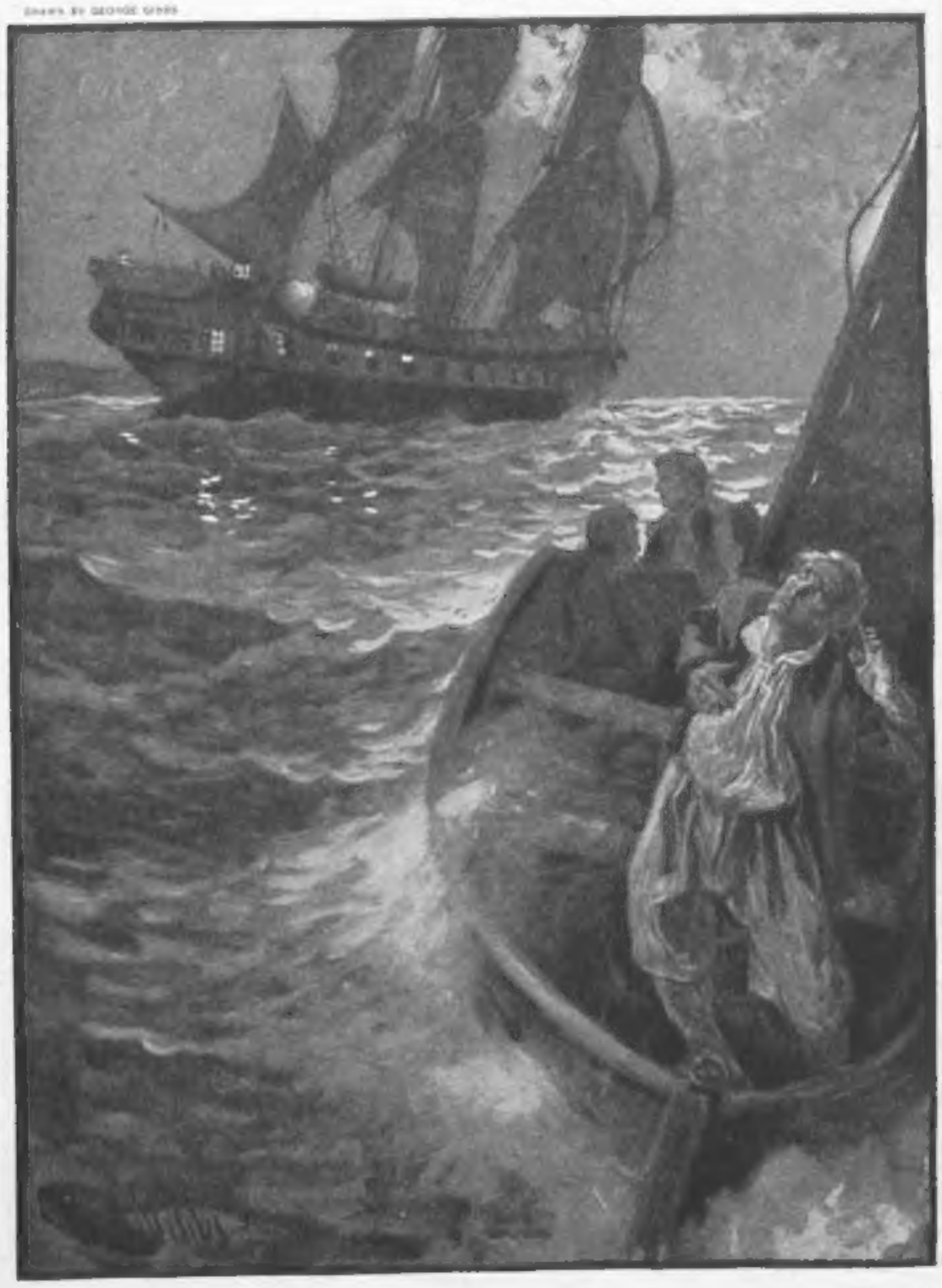
"No, no! It is not possible!" she cried, appalled at the naked fact.

"Aye, but it is," he replied, "and it is through your acts, and my blind acquiescence therein, that this honorable gentleman is done to death. This puts another face on the thing. You have made me a craven—I am dishonored—his life is sacrificed for me!"

"I did not mean to do it; I did not know," she wailed, stricken to the heart by his bitter reproach.

"Aye, but you should have known; but when women meddle in affairs of state the consequences oft exceed their narrow views. Pray God there may yet be time to rectify the frightful happening," said O'Neill bitterly, putting the helm hard over as he spoke.

A HOARSE CRY QUIVERED THROUGH THE NIGHT



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Next week's Post will contain, among other strong features, a timely story by Marie Corelli, dealing with conditions growing out of the war in South Africa:

The Laurels of the Brave

The scene is laid in London, and the chief characters are a heartless, ambitious society woman (whose husband is just outside Ladysmith) and a pushing, self-advertising actress. The author's descriptions of Mrs. Long-Adder, who gives recitations in khaki uniform; of Prince Dummer-Esel and Mrs. Arteroyd, is the severest and most brilliant arraignment of the Society Department of the War Office which has yet been written.

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Stories by Ian Maclaren

IAN MACLAREN has written for the Post a series of six delightful stories which centre about A Scots Grammar School. These tales are based upon the author's own schooldays at Stirling Grammar School. All who read the first series of tales of A Scots Grammar School—which appeared in the Post last summer—will wish to follow the fortunes of Spiug, Nestie and the Dowbiggins, and their lovable old master, "Bulldog." These delightful stories of Scotch life will appear in early numbers of the Post.

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The boat swept around, the sail gybed, and they headed for the northeast.

"What is" it you would do?" cried Elizabeth, laying her hand on the tiller.

"Follow the Serapis," he answered shortly.

"For what?"

"To give myself up, if possible, and thus insure his freedom."

"I knew—I knew it would be so," she whispered. "I loved him," she murmured, turning away. "I have sacrificed everything for him, and he repudiates, reproaches me. Oh, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" she wailed in unconscious imitation of a greater sufferer. She drew away from him and knelt down in the boat, buried her face in her hands, leaning upon the weather gunwale. He looked at her a moment, and before the pathetic abandonment of her grief his anger melted. She was a woman; with her, love was all.

"Elizabeth," he said tenderly, "the bitterness of having caused that good man's death, his apparent dishonor, overwhelmed me. I love you, as you know, more than life itself. You are a woman—you see things differently. There is nothing above love in a woman's heart. Come back to me; your place is here, whatever happens. I love you the more for your great sacrifice, but now we must undo it if we can. Heaven has not smiled upon our meeting. Perhaps if we go hand in hand before God together we may find mercy; perhaps joy."

Elizabeth made no answer, but nestled against him, forgiven, contented. For a time they sailed the sea in silence. The clouds had broken and left a clear sky whence the moon had flooded the ocean with her silvery light, but the breeze came fitfully, and gradually died away where they now were, under the lee of the land. It was such a night as lovers dream of. They loved and they were together, side by side, alone, in the soft autumnal night, adrift on a summer sea. There was that in the past which kept them silent, and yet in their very proximity, in the hands that touched and clasped each other, the head that nestled on his shoulder, the arm that encircled her waist, the lips that met, the eyes that spoke, there was a sweetness which neither had ever known before.

By and by Elizabeth slipped down from the thwart and crouched down in the boat at his feet. O'Neill held the tiller with one hand, the other lightly stroked her golden hair. She was peacefully content; everything was out of her heart but him and the present; she was very still. O'Neill could see the soft curve of her cheek resting upon her sweet white hand in the moonlight. After one of the little intervals of silence he looked down upon her again. She made no motion, and did not reply to a word. He discovered that she was asleep.

He did not wonder. The experiences of the past few days would have killed any ordinary woman. How heroic she had been! With what abandon she had put aside everything for the purpose of saving him! She had not hesitated at anything. His love for her was measured by his honor—hers for him was boundless. 'Twas ever so, and he had reproached her, spoken harshly to her, upbraided her, turned away from her. Now his heart yearned over her. He vowed that if God did permit them to escape from the perils which environed them he would make up to her for every unkind word spoken, every reproach, every cutting glance, by an eternity of devotion.

The night, the ocean, the loneliness impressed him. What had he ever done to be so blessed in the love of this noble woman? His life, as he had said, had been an idle one. In the courts he had played at hearts as he played at war on the ships, for the fun of the game. With her a serious purpose had entered his life and was before him. The silence of the night was broken only by the soft splash of the waves, as the little boat rocked gently through them. The gentle wind grew fainter and fainter; presently the flap of the idle sail against the mast apprised him that it had gone.

The white Serapis and her consort were far, far ahead, going fast and leaving a long white wake across the sea. They seemed to have kept the breeze which had failed the small boat. Coming up from the southward he could see the black shapes of the Richard and her attendant ships. What would he not have given to be upon the deck by the side of that dauntless Captain? But even could he approach the two ships that privilege would be denied him, for honor demanded that he present himself upon the deck of the Serapis without delay. It might be that it would be too late even then to save Coventry, but he would go and do his best. When the boat lost way he sat a moment in indecision. He was loth to awaken the tired girl, but it was necessary. Gently he raised her head.

"Why, my dearest," she said, "was I asleep? What has happened? Oh!" It came back to her. "You are going back to the Serapis." Then she looked eagerly forward. The ships were far off now, several miles away, and as the breeze still held with them, the distance was increasing with every passing moment.

"We do not advance," she cried, a note of joy in her voice, as her ear detected the flapping of the sail. "The wind has died out." She laughed triumphantly. "We will never reach them."

"And poor Coventry," said O'Neill.

"I cannot help it," she answered simply; "I think only of you. Now, if I could go back alone and take his place and let you go free, I would cheerfully do that."

"What advantage would that be to me?" he asked her.

"Well, there is little use in our discussing it any more, for you cannot reach either ship now before it is over. The wind has gone over to them, and we are still."

"Ah, but I have another way of getting along."

"How is that?"

"I shall row," he said quietly; "will you take the tiller?"

"No," she replied defiantly, folding her arms, "I will not help you at all."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" he murmured.

"I will not, I tell you!" she said. "Frankly, I do not wish to. What is Edward, what are those ships, what is the whole world to me beside your safety?"

"I must do it alone, as best I can, then," said O'Neill, leaving her side and going forward and unstepping the mast and thrusting out the oars, which he handled with the skill of long practice and strong arms. The difference of speed between the boat and the two ships was now, of course, less than before.

"Why fatigue yourself unnecessarily?" she said to him at last, after he had been rowing for some time; "you gain nothing; 'tis useless."

"No matter," was his reply as he desperately tugged at the oars, "I shall at least have the consciousness of knowing I did what I could." But after pulling hard for an hour, he leaned over the handles of the oars and, turning his head, looked forward. She was right; it was a perfectly hopeless task. The nearest ships were now ten or a dozen miles away, and going farther, when a flash of light pierced the darkness on the horizon, followed some time after by the roar of a heavy gun.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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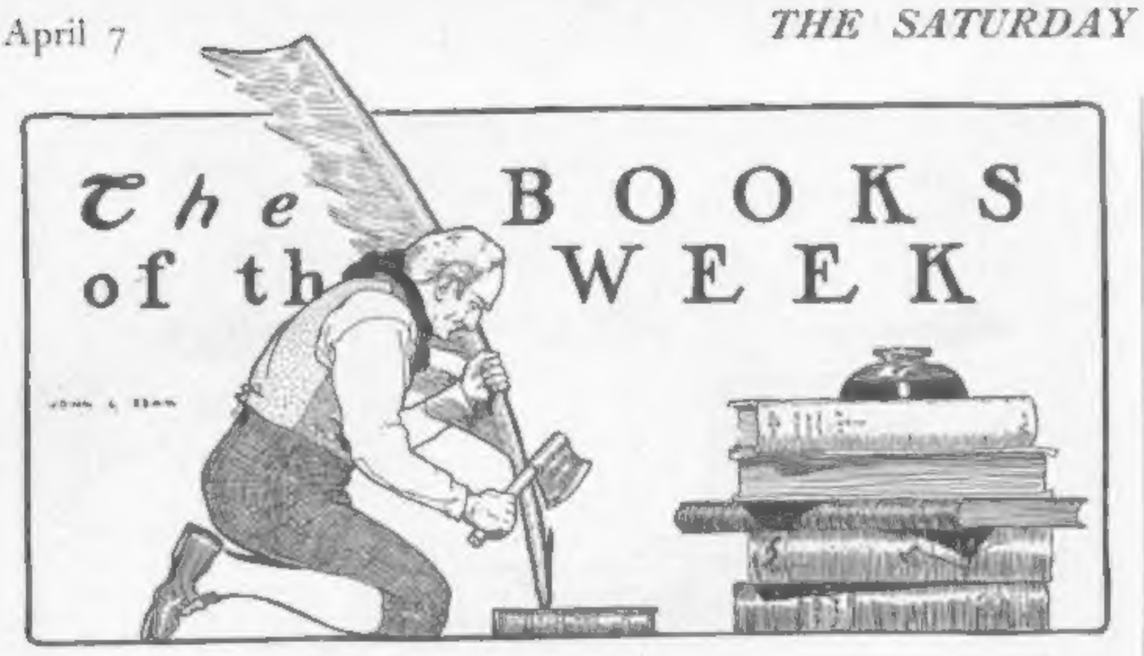

More About the Anglo-Saxon *

WE HAVE heard a vast deal about Anglo-Saxons during the last few years, and it cannot be claimed that the subject commends itself for freshness or originality; but Aline Gorren has much to say that is interesting, and much that is true. If she does not openly question the superiority of the dominant race—a heresy too frightful to be contemplated in cold blood—she has nevertheless a sneaking preference for Latin civilization which keeps her heart steady and her head cool when she comes to classify and compare. She feels the strength and the momentum of the English-speaking people, the economic greatness of men who have carried the Gospel of Action and the Gospel of Comfort triumphantly over the world; but she is incapable of that popular delusion which accepts "the career of the Anglo-Saxon nations as an object lesson vouchsafed by a Higher Power in order that the other nations of the earth might learn what course to take if they would reach the most exalted dignity."

In fact, the value of this thoughtful little volume lies in its breadth and serenity—I had almost said in its good humor as well. Its author, tracing with infinite pains the early influences which moulded Saxon and Teuton and Celt, finds in each race the qualities essential to its well-being. No one can hope to develop on another's lines, and nothing is less worth while than the flaunting of purely national characteristics, as if they were an example and a necessity to the world. Thus the fundamental formative desire of the Frenchman "to secure mental ease through the play of social activities" is as incomprehensible to the Englishman as his own steady cultivation of the "practical virtues" is incomprehensible to his Gallic neighbor.

French rationalism stands terribly in the way of this practicality. "Tartuffe," says Miss Gorren, "knew that he played a double part—that he appeared to be a saint, and was in reality a low-lived liar. An Anglo-Saxon is not conscious of being a missionary with half a breath and an excellent commercial speculator with the other half. He is not conscious of duality; and if he be ever brought to realize it, he asks 'Why not?' He will not understand that others see an incompatibility, an illogicality which shocks them. For him no illogicality exists."

Equally suggestive are the comments upon Anglo-Saxon humanitarianism, that earnest and dutiful endeavor to help the needy, which has yet never bridged for one moment the deadly chasm between rich and poor; which has never—in spite of rigid truth and justice—bridged for one moment the chasm between black and white, conquerors and conquered. In contrast to this unflinching and unlovely goodness, Miss Gorren points out with a smile "small French missions scattered through the Levant whose modest history is full of a certain characteristic charm of sunny patience, broad humaneness, and debonair philosophy which is very captivating, and which, when it is contrasted with things that we know of our own missionary attitude, might well give us something to think about."

Indeed, there is much food for thought in all Miss Gorren says, and it is the kind of food which may nourish tolerance in place of self-esteem. —*Agnes Repplier.*

* Anglo-Saxons and Others. By Aline Gorren. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A Ten Years' War *

MR. JACOB A. RIIS is one of those useful citizens who does not know what it is to despair. Without some such as he this world would not be half so good a place to live in as it is; if we had a great many such as he the world would improve by leaps and bounds, instead of creeping so slowly that only the cheerfully optimistic can always remain hopeful and confident.

This new book by Mr. Riis tells of the long battle with the slums in New York. When he and his associates began their war on these plague spots, these beds of crime, these centres of poverty, there seemed to be very little hope that they would be able to accomplish anything. They were opposed by Tammany Hall, the landlords were against them, and even the unfortunate tenants in the slums did not wish to be disturbed; though they were far from happy, there were very many who did not know that there was a possibility of anything better. Those hopelessly submerged by poverty saw in any change a worse condition, for such people are always getting worse off. Then the criminals find congenial surroundings in the slums; they like the filth and the gloom, and find security in the dark places with such picturesque names as Hell's Kitchen and Bone Alley.

Under such circumstances it took bold spirits and brave hearts to accomplish what has been done in the metropolis where the worst of these tenement-house slums have been wiped out of existence.

Mr. Riis gives to the late Colonel Waring credit for having done more to show that slums need not exist than had been previously demonstrated. When Colonel Waring undertook to clean the streets of New York, practical men said that he would not have any measure of success. "He will be able to clean Fifth Avenue and a few such thoroughfares, but when he gets into the tenement house section and the Jew quarter he will surely fail." But he did not fail. He cleaned the great central thoroughfares, and he cleaned also Mott Street and Hester Street and Mulberry Bend. He cleaned the whole town. And the good men who believed that the city slums were pest holes and schools of vice which menaced the town took renewed courage and attacked them with increased vigor. Now they are gone, and some of the very sorest spots have been changed into public parks with trees and green grass. Where misery used to hide itself and where vice was formerly on parade, fountains now are playing and on summer evenings there is music for all who care to listen.

Mr. Riis tells about the efforts to secure these reforms and changes in most entertaining fashion. He is a very skilful workman and a thorough master of his tools. He never tells too much and he never "slops over." He is entirely frank, but there is still that reserve of strength which makes the reader sure that he might have said much more if he had chosen to do so. Then there is one other charming characteristic about the book. It is lightened and lighted by a naive humor which discloses itself shyly rather than boldly. It is therefore a pleasure to read this book—a pleasure and a profit. It is surely good to know that in this busy and tolerably sordid world there are unselfish men and women who are willing to work long and hard, not for their own personal gain, but for the betterment of the poor and unfortunate. —*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

* A Ten Years' War: An Account of the Battle with the Slums in New York. By Jacob A. Riis. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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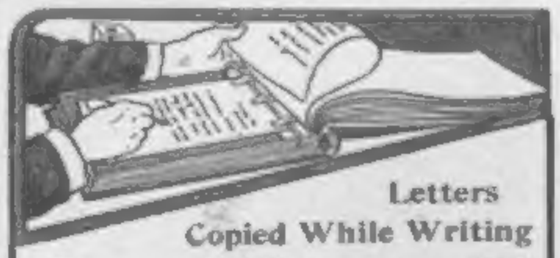

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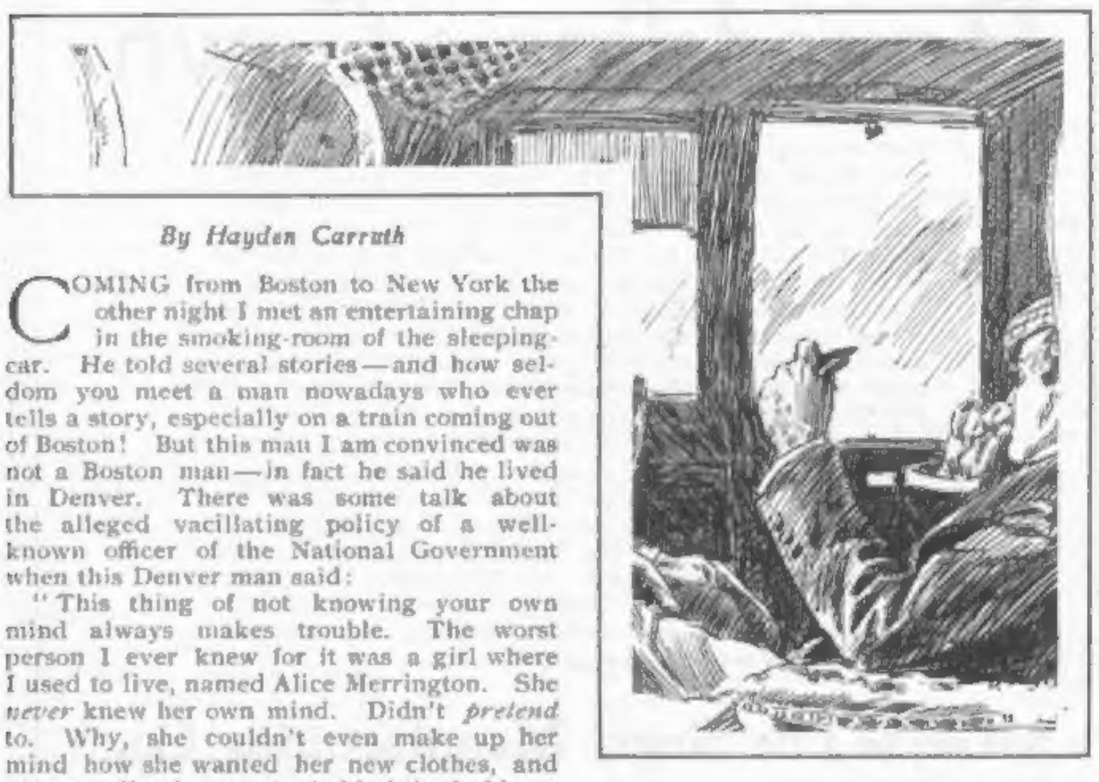
AN UNDECIDED YOUNG LADY



By Hayden Carruth

COMING from Boston to New York the other night I met an entertaining chap in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car. He told several stories—and how seldom you meet a man nowadays who ever tells a story, especially on a train coming out of Boston! But this man I am convinced was not a Boston man—in fact he said he lived in Denver. There was some talk about the alleged vacillating policy of a well-known officer of the National Government when this Denver man said:

"This thing of not knowing your own mind always makes trouble. The worst person I ever knew for it was a girl where I used to live, named Alice Merrington. She *never* knew her own mind. Didn't *pretend* to. Why, she couldn't even make up her mind how she wanted her new clothes, and was usually six months behind the fashions, just wearing her old clothes, and changing her mind about how it would be best to have her new ones made.

"Well, Alice was a pretty good-looking girl, and you couldn't help liking her, so she had plenty of attention from the young men. Two of them, one named Thornton and the other Ross, got particularly smitten, and pretty soon they both proposed.

"Alice studied over the thing for a long while, but she couldn't come to no decision, so the only way she could see out of it was to promise 'em both. So she done it, but it didn't do much good, 'cause they were wideawake fellows, and didn't cotton to the idea of much delay. They both kept coaxing her to name the happy day, and she soon saw that she had got to do something. She simply *couldn't* make up her mind which she wanted, so there was nothing for it but to give 'em both the same day, and trust to luck for something to turn up to make her decide. As her folks opposed them both, an elopement was the thing in either case, so she told each of them to come at one o'clock Thursday morning. She reckoned like this, that one of them would be certain to arrive before the other, and with *him* she'd go; and of course the other couldn't blame her, since delays are dangerous, as everybody knows.

"Well, Wednesday evening the girl went to bed at eight o'clock, knowing what an early start she'd got to make the next morning. To make sure, she set the alarm of her clock at half-past twelve. Alarm went off at the right time and she got up and dressed. All ready ten minutes to one, so she turned down the light and waited. She had told Thornton to come to the west winder and Ross to the north—just happened to give 'em different winders. As she sot and thought it over she was glad that she'd done it, 'cause it would be better if the second *should* happen to come before the first had got away—less embarrassment all around. Awful well-meaning girl—no desire to hurt anybody's feelings. So she just sot and waited, naturally her young heart in considerable of a flutter, not knowing but the dog might bark and wake up her father, and also being so uncertain as to which of the young men of her choice she was going to spend the long years ahead of her with, for better or for worse.

"Well, you never seen what luck that girl had. Just as the clock hand p'inted to one she heard a slight rustle outside. The next second she seen the top of a ladder appear at the north winder, and as she turned her eyes to the west winder there was another just looming up above the sill. Something had got to be done, or they'd both be scrambling in; so she just stepped quickly to the north winder and said to Ross in a loud whisper, 'Take the ladder 'round to the west winder, dear,' and then to the other and says to Thornton, 'Take your ladder 'round to the north winder, dear,' and then she just waited and tried to ascertain her true feelings.

"And while she stood there, torn by conflicting emotions, them two strong men started with their ladders carried straight up, and at the corner they just naturally blundered into each other in the dark, and one ladder slammed ag'in' the house and the other smashed into a cherry tree, and the men, being some surprised, happened both to say something and recognized each other's voice, and, already not being at all friendly, went to fighting most tremendous.

"And in the thickest of the hullabaloo, them two young men fighting scandalous, and nothing quieter 'cept the dog, which was now busy biting, there was a bright flare of light overhead, and the policeman seen that the girl had set off a flash-light and took a snapshot at the difficulty below, she being a great hand at amateur photography, as I ought to of said before, but I forgot it. So the policeman just arrested 'em both, and hollered to the girl and asked her if she knowed what it was all about, and she, not wanting to be mixed up with any such disgraceful proceedings, said she didn't, but she s'posed they was fighting just because they was horrid men, who always delight to bark and bite and make beasts of themselves. Then she went back to bed and the officer towed 'em to the calaboose, and the next morning the judge soaked 'em good and hard and read 'em a lecture.

"As for the girl, she developed the negative and put the pictures on the local market, where they sold like hot cakes, and brought in a tidy sum; and a month after she married a likely fellow, a sort of a second cousin, with the approval of her folks, and a good wife she made, too, so everybody said, though she never did show much decision, so I heard; but, shucks, what difference does that make—I know women who show too everlasting much decision."

SHE DEVELOPED THE NEGATIVE

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